

1½d.

Daily Mirror

WHY THE
"DAILY MIRROR"
FOUNTAIN PEN
IS BEING SOLD
AT 2/6. See page 12.

No. 197.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

ADMIRAL "JACKY" FISHER—OUR NEW FIRST SEA LORD.



Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, G.C.B., has been appointed to be Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty. There could be no better man for the duty which he will be called upon to perform—that of assuring the proper dispositions of the fleet for war, and of obtaining the requisite force to make those dispositions.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

PERSONAL.

ADDRESS still same. Write me—E. B. ARTHUR.—Many happy returns of the day.—COUSIN. CERTAIN am right. You can go ahead. Fully insured.—FILLIE TO WILS.

RED AND WHITE.—Ignore false messages; can prove written post; see May 20; reply here.—THE SECRETARY.

SEPTEMBER 19th.—Would like to have another country wall. Should you?

LOUIE TO JACK.—Must hear from you. This response is more than I can stand. Either answer me here to-morrow or write to the old address and arrange a meeting. Yours ever.

WILL the lady who took by mistake on Friday last from a seat in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot a Grey Dust Coat kindly return it to Lady Newton 6, Belgrave-square, when she will receive her own?

LOUIE TO JACK.—In Royal Enclosure or Padlock a Brooch, shape of basket of flowers, set with jewels.—Reward if returned to Mrs. Rodie Thompson, Glenwood, Assoc.

LOST, light grey Chinchilla Cat. Reward, 5s. Carlton House-terrace, S.W.

* * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.
Preluded at 8.50 by THE WIDOW WOOS
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
TODAY (Tuesday) and FRIDAY NEXT at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEES.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Falstaff Mr. TREE.
Mrs. Ford Mrs. CONSTANT.
Mrs. Page Mrs. COLLIER.
(Her last appearance in London this season.)

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT at 9. (75th performance.)
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at 2.
MISS ELIZABETH PRINCE.
Preluded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

SHAFTESBURY. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in
THE PRINCE OF PILESEN.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
at 2.15.
Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
Will appear EVERY EVENING at 9, in
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY." (75th time.)
By Frederick Pann and Richard Pryce.
At 8.30 O'P M. THURSDAY.
By Frederick Pann and Richard Pryce.
MATINEE TOMORROW AND EVERY WEDNESDAY, 2.30

THE OXFORD. VESTA TILLEY, GEORGE
ROBEY, YUKIO FANI, Japanese Wrestler; Dorothy L. Clark, in "The Girl of the Year." CLARA
and HAMILTON, Daisy May, GEORGE MOZART, Bar.
Marionette, Marionette, Marionette, Marionette, Ab-
dullah Arab, JOE O'GORMAN, Will Dalton, Maggie
Wahls, Williams and Brown, DUTCH DALL, Florence De-
ville, Alf Gibson, Will Pollock, JIM GERNET SHAND
Open 7.30. Box Office open 11 to 6. SATURDAY
MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
Will be present TO-DAY
at the
GRAND NURSERY RHYME BAZAAR
to be held at
THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL
on
June 21st, (to-day), 22nd, and 23rd,
in aid of the
VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.
The street, Chelsea.
Prices of Admission.
To-day (June 21), 2 till 6 p.m., 41; after 6 p.m.,
5s. Upper boxes to view the opening ceremony, £5 5s.
each. TO-MORROW (June 22) 10s., 2.30 till 6 p.m., after
p.m., 2s. 6d. Third day (June 23), 2s. 6d., 2.30 till
6 p.m.
Tickets can be obtained from any stall-holder, the Secretary
of the Hospital, the Social Bureau, Ltd., 30, New
Bond-street, the usual agents, and the Albert Hall. Doors
open each day at 2.

A GRAND BALL
will be held at the close of the
GRAND NURSERY RHYME BAZAAR.
on
THURSDAY, June 23,
in aid of the
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.
Dancing at 10.30.
A limited number of tickets at 5s. each, including
a champagne supper can be obtained from any stall-
holder, the Secretary of the Hospital, the Social Bureau,
and the Albert Hall.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
GREAT SPORTS, EXHIBITION.
"Bull Wrestling Run Deep."
Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, C.P. Military Band,
Fairy Acrobats, Water Chute, Rapids, Topsy-Turvy Rail-
way, and other attractions.
TO-MORROW THE LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR
FETE.

Brock's Fireworks every Thursday and Saturday. Table
d'Hôte Luncheons and Dinners in the New Dining Rooms
overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.,
Caters by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE. THURSDAY, June 23.
Special Matinee at 2.0.
MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT in
"LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS."
Numbered seats, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s.; unnumbered,
2s. 6d.

Admission, 1s. From 12 noon till 11.30 p.m.
ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
ITALIAN COMMERCIAL EXHIBITS.
FINE ART SECTION.
INDUSTRIAL WORKING EXHIBITS.
ITALIAN VILLAGE.
GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERTS.
Band of the Grenadier Guards.
Exhibition Bersaglieri Band.
In the EMPRESS HALL, Giuseppe Representation of
VENICE BY NIGHT.
Open all day admission 1s. After 7 p.m., 1s.
VENICE BY NIGHT.
Café, Bridges, Shops, Cafés, Public Buildings, Gondolas,
and all the Economic Features of the
Queen City of the Adriatic.
Mediterranean Troupe, Mammalian Neapolitan Troupe,
A Continuous Feast of Music, Beauty, and Movement.
BIRAN'S MAXIM'S CAPTIVE PLAYING MACHINE.
THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI, ST. PETER'S, ROME.
LA SCALA THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
At 2 p.m., 4 and 8.30 p.m.
LE DUC D'ANGELO'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.
Roman Forum, Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains,
various Music Groups, and a thousand other attractions.
ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:
North-westerly breezes; fine generally; oc-
casional sunshine; warm inland.

Lighting-up time: 9.19 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth
generally.

THE WAR.

General Oku reports that the Russian casualties
in the Wa-fang-kau fighting amount to 10,000,
including prisoners. Reports of fighting south of
Newchwang indicate that the two great armies
converging on the railway have met, and as train-
loads of Russian wounded have been sent north a
great battle is believed to be in progress.—(Page 3.)

Two reports of cannonading off Japan suggest
that Admiral Kanamura has fallen in with the
Vladivostok squadron, and has engaged them in
battle. There is no development at Port Arthur,
but a Chinese refugee says the Russians there are
short of food and forage, and the troops are almost
in rags.—(Page 3.)

GENERAL.

Various questions concerning the Mission to
Tibet were addressed in the Commons to Mr.
Bridgick, who stated, in reply, that the advance
to Lhasa would commence within four days.
Adequate reinforcements had been provided by the
Indian Government.—(Page 3.)

Great interest is being taken in motorist circles
at the two thousand miles non-stop reliability run
arranged by the *Daily Mirror*. The car will start
from the Thames Embankment at 3 p.m. to-mor-
row.—(Page 4.)

There has arrived in London a young
Rumanian named Manuritus Hechter, who left
Bucharest fourteen months since, with 2d. in his
pocket and the intention of reaching St. Louis,
U.S.A., within eighteen months with a view to
winning £400.—(Page 12.)

Our special correspondent with the first of
the £2 emigrants to New York describes incidents of
the voyage, the scenes on landing, and the
measures which the United States officials take
to prevent the entry of the "undesirable."—(P. 13.)

Jewellery belonging to Mrs. Langtry, offered to
Messrs. Christie's yesterday, attracted a huge
crowd. Most of the lots were knocked down to
West End dealers. A long brilliant neck-chain
fetched the highest price—£1,000.—(Page 4.)

It is estimated that the P. and O. Company
have sustained a loss of £250,000 by the wreck
of the *Australia*. This will be borne by their
insurance fund.—(Page 3.)

PICTURES FROM
PORT ARTHUR.

"War is Hell," said General
Sherman, but he had no idea
of 1904 warfare, or the
General might have used even
more descriptive language.
Exactly what shot and shell
have done to Port Arthur is
shown in Part IX.

"APAN'S FIGHT
FOR FREEDOM."

Ready on Friday. Order it NOW.

BIRTHS.

CARTER.—On the 18th inst., at Kirkcaldy, Sanderson,
Burrey, the wife of Herbert S. Carter, of Parkstone,
Dorset, of a daughter.

DURELL.—On the 18th inst., at Grove Lodge, Woodford,
the wife of Richard Durell, of a daughter.

MOULDER.—On Saturday morning, June 18, at 110,
Hemington-road, Finsbury Park, London, N., the wife of
Victor J. Moulder, of a daughter.

OPPENHEIM.—On June 18, at 21, Inverness-terrace, Hyde-
park, the wife of Dr. Laas F. L. Oppenheim, of a
daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WALROND-COATS.—On June 18, at St. Margaret's,
Westminster, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ken-
tisbury, assisted by Canon H. Brodie, Henry, of St.
Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. George Grub, of Holy
Trinity, Ayr, and the Rev. Charles Daniel, of All Saints,
St. Ranc, William Leont Charis, daughter, son of the R.
Hon. Sir William Walrond, Bart., M.P., of Bradford,
Switzerland, to Lottie, daughter of George Coats, Esq., of
Belleisle, Ayr, N.B.

DEATHS.

BRUCE.—On the 18th inst., at his residence, Stamford,
Johannau Bruce, widow of Colonel John Bruce (late 16th
Bedfordshire and Irish Royal Irish Regts., and formerly com-
manding the Forces in Western Australia, in her 95th
year.

ORR EWING.—On the 18th inst., at Scarborough, Mrs.
Orr Ewing, wife of the late John Orr Ewing, of Leven-
ford, Dumfriesshire, aged 87 years.

WEST.—On the 6th inst., of appendicitis, at Interlaken,
Switzerland, Amy, daughter, 5 years, formerly com-
manding the Forces in Western Australia, in her 95th
year, the wife of the late John West, of the Manor House, Little Bowden.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

**THE SALVATION ARMY'S INTERNA-
TIONAL CONGRESS.**
JUNE-JULY, 1904.
Sir—Many thousands of people who have heard of the
good work carried on by the Salvation Army have desired
to go into so remarkable a movement. No such oppor-
tunity for doing so has hitherto been afforded, as that
which the Army's great International Congress, which commences
this 18th of June in London, will afford. It is a unique
event, attending at least one of the gatherings. Those persons
who were more particularly interested in either the Evangel-
istic, the Missionary, or the Philanthropic work of the
movement, will find their tastes amply provided for.
The scope of the programme is so wide, and it is difficult to state
in an advertisement even the chief features, but a card
sent to the Secretary, 1, East India-street, E.C., will
produce the fullest particulars.

Special attention is drawn to the Inaugural Meeting to
be held in the specially-constructed International Hall,
Strand, which is attracting so much public attention—on
Friday afternoon, June 18, at 7.30. The programme of the
General Booth will open the Congress and sketch the history
of the Army. Leading Officers from abroad will appear.
Immediate application is desired for Reserved Seat
Tickets, 1s., or Numbered Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.
The Congress Meetings will be continued daily until Tues-
day, July 5.—International Day, at the Crystal Palace.

SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

LONDON TO NORWAY.—WILSON LINE
HOLIDAY TOURS: first-class throughout 10 days, 8s.
guineas; 17 days, £10 15s. inclusive—illustrated hand-
book from W. E. B. Dyer, Ltd., 1, East India-st., E.C.

POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS.
Before deciding upon your holiday send for programme
of over 40 different Tours and Cruises.

WEEK IN LONDON. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
WEEK IN GUNDELWALD. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
WEEK IN ZERMATT. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
WEEK IN THE RHINE. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
WEEK ON THE RIFFEL ALP. 71 guineas.
Special Tours at special rates.
WEEK IN PARIS. inclusive Excursions, 41 guineas.
WEEK ON THE RHINE. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
NORWEGIAN TOURS. 21 days' cruise, 9s. guineas.
ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION. Independent travel and con-
siderable parties leave DAILY. Before deciding upon your
holiday send for programme of over 40 Tours and Cruises to
THE POLYTECHNIC, 309, Regent-st., W.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A—"How Money Makes Money."—Post free to all
mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody
with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made.
£10 can make more than £5 to £10. Not per week, but
per day. Capital returnable at any moment.—Ridley and
Skinner, 11, Poultry, London, E.C.

Business Transactions. require a loan of £20; good securities
given.—E. C. H. Doyle, 311, Strand-rd., Manor Park, E.

IMPORTANT to Capitalists.
Pamphlet (post free) explaining
How to Invest Money.
Baxter, Son and May, 17, Fenchurch-st., London, E.C.

LOANS.—£10 upwards: householders, tradesmen, etc.;
repay by post.—Bridge, Broadwater, Woking.

LOANS.—£25 and upwards: repayable monthly, by post.
—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY advanced to Householders and others; 4s. to
£1,000; without fees or surcharges; repayments to suit
borrowers' convenience.—Call or write Charles Stevens and
Co., 29, Gillingham-st., Victoria Station.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed
at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established
Provincial Union Bank, 32, Lincolns Inn, London.

STOCK EXCHANGE.—We guarantee that we wired clients
to buy Ontario at 251 and Brighton A. at 105½.
Write or wire for genuine information to Arthur Lindsay
and Company, 4, Broad-st., Buildings, London, E.C. Telephone
9,915 London Wall; Telegrams, "Utterness," Lon-
don.

YOUNG Lady wanted as Partner or Manageress; need
not have capital or experience if willing to do anything
to learn business; must be smart and of good appearance.
"Social," c/o. Theatrical, Leadenhall-st., E.C.

£5 TO £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on
£50 approved note of hand; no surcharges required; trade
bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and
confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on
actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Islington-green, Islington,
London.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94
years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen;
Academic professors and commercial life, and commercial life,
and to the 1st V.B.E.R.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for
boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on
application to the Headmaster.

CONCERTS. Stage-Vocalists required immediately;
stamp.—Conductor, 18, Liverpool-rd., King's Cross.

LITERARY Pupil Wanted.—Very successful Lady J. Jones,
list is willing to train Pupil for newspaper or magazine
work.—Write 1458, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., E.C.

LONDON Conservatoire of Music.—Lessons Singing, Piano,
Violin, 21s. per term; prospectus.—62, Queen's-rd.,
Hyde Park.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLES (reliable); immediate delivery; cash or credit;
catalogue free.—Hawley, Reliable Works, Coventry,
Samuel, 420, Hatton-garden.

COLD through dead—Cent's 12-guinea Cycle, absolutely
as new, free wheel, 2 rim brakes, plated rim, Dunlop
hollow tires; £5 15s.; a revolution.—Medicus, 23, Pentam-
st., Wapping.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

A MAZON Parrot and Cage, £2.—Particulars write Taylor,
65, Alreville-rd., Finsbury, Bradford.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16.

STUPENDOUS LOSSES.

10,000 Russian Casualties
in Two Days' Fighting.

TWO BATTLES RAGING.

Opposing Armies and Squadrons
in Action.

The most sensational news of yesterday is a report by General Oku, stating that the Russian casualties in the Wa-fang-kau fighting number 10,000.

Regarding the general position, three Russian Generals, with a combined force of about 100,000 men, are concentrating near Haicheng, on the railway north of Newchwang. Part of this force is General Stackelberg's beaten army, retreating north from Wa-fang-kau, being covered by General Kronratenko, and to meet these two armies, General Kuropatkin is travelling south from Liaoyang. Meanwhile, General Stackelberg is being pursued from the south by General Oku's victorious army from Sui-yen; General Nodzu is operating in the direction of the railway, as is also a large body of General Kuroki's troops from Feng-huang-cheng. The three Japanese armies, numbering also about 100,000, are trying to cut off General Stackelberg's retreat before General Kuropatkin can reach him.

From a message to hand yesterday fighting has commenced, trainloads of wounded Russians having been sent to the north.

It is still possible that the Russian Vladivostok squadron has not yet reached the security of Admiral Kuroki, and it is not probable that Admiral Kaminura has given up his search for them, despite a telegram from Tokio stating that he had returned to his base. Two messages received yesterday indicate that the two squadrons have been engaged. It is not easy to identify Oshima, one of the places named, as the well-known Oshima is 55 to 60 miles south of Yokohama, and can hardly be the place indicated.

The place where the squadrons are engaged is probably the island of Ikishima, near Shimoda, in the Korean Straits.

APPALLING LOSSES.

General Oku Fixes the Russian
Casualties at 10,000 Men.

TOKIO, Monday.
A report received from General Oku says:—
"The total Russian losses, including prisoners, are now estimated at 10,000."—Reuter.

RUSSIA'S SEVERE LOSSES.

At the Japanese Legation in London the following has been received:—

"General Oku reports: Russian corpses buried by us near Telisa up to evening of June 17 amounted to 1,516.
"Russian corpses still forthcoming, and believed to increase considerably.

"Natives say Russians during engagement carried back their killed and wounded by railway, while later, when about taking flight, they buried or cremated corpses near Huangseung.

"List of captured rifles, guns, and prisoners increasing, but exact number yet unknown."

FIGHTING WITH STONES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.
In the Telisa fight on the 15th inst. the survivors of the 6th Company of the 3rd Regiment—about half the strength at which the company started—actually got within twenty paces of the Japanese entrenchments; and the men lay panting under the Japanese trenches, whose occupants, owing to the convexity of the hills, were unable to fire on them without raising themselves well over the edge of their trenches, and every time they did this they were greeted with a hail of bullets and scolding chaff.

Here and there the assailants and defenders actually came hand to hand, and at this point the battle was carried on for some time with the butt end of rifles and stones.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN OFFICER'S PRAISE.

NEWCHWANG, Monday.
A Russian officer, who was wounded in the fighting at Wa-fang-tien, estimates the Russian casualties to have been at least 7,000.

He says that no soldiers in the world could withstand the Japanese as they have been fighting lately. Their artillery fire was marvellously accurate and effective.

The Russians fought stubbornly and desperately, but they were unable to withstand the enemy's dashing persistency.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUSSIAN RAIDERS.

Has the Vladivostok Squadron
Been Caught?

The following telegrams suggest an engagement between the Vladivostok squadron and Admiral Kaminura's fleet:—

TOKIO, Monday.
Reports from Shimonoseki state that cannonading has been heard there, and it is surmised that this may indicate that the Vladivostok squadron is again in the Korea Straits.

It is reported that Admiral Kaminura is engaging the Russian cruisers off Oshima.

The Navy Department cannot confirm this report, though the officials there are hopeful that the Russian retreat will be cut off.—Reuter.

BATTLE IN PROGRESS.

Train Loads of Russian Wounded
Going North.

LIAO-YANG, Monday.
Reports have reached here of further fighting to the south on a considerable scale, and a battle is stated to be in progress near Kaichau. A train load of wounded has passed north, and others are following.—Reuter.

FORCES CONVERGING.

ROME, Sunday.
A telegram from Chifu says that the Japanese are continuing their advance towards Kaiping, while General Stackelberg is still withdrawing northwards.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

PARIS, Monday.
A St. Petersburg message states that the Third Division, under General Kronratenko, is now covering the retreat of General Stackelberg on Liaoyang.

The situation of General Stackelberg's army is precarious, and General Kuropatkin has left Liaoyang with a considerable force to attempt to reach General Stackelberg before the latter is attacked by Japanese from Sui-yen.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

KUROPATKIN IN COMMAND.

LIAO-YANG, Sunday.
For the first time since his appointment General Kuropatkin is personally directing the operations.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUSSIANS MOVING SOUTH.

GEN. KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS (undated),
Via Fusan, Sunday.

From 5,000 to 6,000 Russians occupied Tsaimaki on the 17th. A considerable force is at Hiaihota, near Tachikawa.

Note.—Tsaimaki is almost due north of Sui-yen on the direct Feng-huang-cheng-Haicheng road.—Reuter's Special Service.

TRYING TO BREAK OUT.

General Stoessel is said to have made sorties from Port Arthur on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last, but was driven back.

TROOPS ALMOST IN RAGS.

A wealthy Chinese refugee from Port Arthur states that not only are the Russians in Port Arthur short of food and forage, but the troops are almost in rags, and the men are wearing Chinese shoes.

He adds that there are 3,000 or 4,000 wretched Chinese in Port Arthur, and that executions are frequent.

MOVING ON LHASSA.

British Expedition To Start in Four
Days.

Several questions were addressed to Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons yesterday as to developments in connection with the Tibet expedition.

Steps are being taken by the Indian Government to send such reinforcements and transports as they consider necessary for the security of the Mission, but Mr. Brodrick was unwilling to give details.

June 25 has, he continued, been approved as the date on which the expedition is to be authorised to proceed to Lhasa.

If by then the Tibetan Government has not sent a competent negotiator, accompanied by the Chinese Amban, to Gyantse, the Mission will act on these instructions. The Russian Government has been informed of the general intentions and policy of His Majesty's Government. Throughout the Russian Ambassador has been kept fully informed of what the Government were doing.

Captain Kutaisoff, writing from Port Arthur, says that a pigeon was picked up in the town early in May with a quill, containing a message, addressed to its leg. The message, which was in bad Russian and signed "K. Takahashi, battleship Asahi," read thus:—"To His Excellency General Stoessel.—You are invited to dine with me on June 21 as a prisoner.—R.S.V.E."

"LA DIVINE SARAH."

Opens Her London Season with
"La Sorciere."

Unlike her compatriot Réjane, Madame Sarah Bernhardt has started her season at His Majesty's straight away with her greatest and most famous and most recent production, Sardou's "La Sorcière." With it she certainly bids fair to take London by storm, as she did Paris.

Like everything that Sardou has done lately, "La Sorcière" is, first and foremost, a triumph in the adaptation of means to ends—that is to say, of Sardou's own infinite dexterity as a dramatist to the needs of a passionate part and magnificent surroundings for the "divine Sarah."

To be brief, the "sorciere" of the title is a Moorish sorceress, who appears before the Spanish Inquisition in the fearful days of the early sixteenth century on a charge of weaving spells over her lover, Enrique, a Catholic. Scenes of almost unexampled splendour—not to speak of the fascination of Bernhardt herself in a part that brings out all her wonderful faculty for the glamour of mystery—interest the audience for two acts.

Then, in the third, arrives the moment when she is called upon, by the tribunal of the Inquisition, either to save her lover's life by confessing herself a sorceress, or to make his death certain by denying that his love was the result of her own witchcraft.

Bernhardt's Famous Cry.

Suddenly, with a wild cry of passion that electrifies the house, Bernhardt determines to save him at all cost. She confesses, even in defiance of his own protests, that she has bewitched him, and braves even the terrors of the stake, which we see in actual preparation in the last act.

There, too, is a passionate and altogether typical Bernhardtian death-scene; for the sorceress, though granted a free pardon, has to be rescued from the mob by her lover. He is killed in the riot that follows, and she falls dead over his body, on the steps of the Cathedral at Toledo.

The play is a marvellous spectacle. It is also an ideal succession of opportunities for Bernhardt, whose "golden voice" is just as musical as ever, and her amazing energy of passion not one whit abated.

Happily one may add the reconciliation of Madame Bernhardt and B. de Max resulted in the cardinal who examines and sentences the sorceress being played by an artist whose magnetism and grip of the audience were no less astonishing than his wonderful make-up.

The King and Queen were both present, and the house was crowded by a fashionable audience.

BRILLIANT NEW OPERA.

Society Gathers at Covent Garden to
Hear M. Saint-Saëns's "Hélène."

The interest manifested in the production of Saint-Saëns's new opera has been very great, and last night, when "Hélène" was at length produced, Covent Garden was crammed with people famous in society and the world of music.

The "star" cast doubtless helped to bring this about, for Melba appeared in the title rôle, Miss Parkina as Venus, Madame Kirkby Lunn as Pallas, and M. Dalmore as Paris, while M. Messager conducted.

The opera, which is not a long one, is called by the composer a "poème lyrique." It is cast in an unusual form, there being only one act, divided into six "scenes."

The plot deals with the familiar Homeric story of the events subsequent to the famous judgment of Paris. The opera opens with a scene outside the palace of Menelaus, where Helen and Paris meet, and closes with their flight, the last scene showing them sailing away together.

The music is not of an epoch-making character, but (as usual with Saint-Saëns) is very brilliant, especially in the vocal parts. M. Saint-Saëns was present, and the audience proved very enthusiastic.

"NO DATE" FOR ARMY REFORM.

Mr. Balfour, replying to Mr. Bryce, said in the House yesterday that he could not give the date on which the Secretary for War would make his promised announcement to the House on Army reform.

TO MAKE TOMMY ATKINS THRIFTY.

Lord Stanley, in the House yesterday, said that, with a view to encouraging soldiers to use the Post Office Savings Bank, he was prepared to make arrangements for the periodical attendance of a postal official at regimental depots to receive deposits collected by regimental officers from the men.

HOPE FOR BANDIT'S CAPTIVES.

WASHINGTON, Monday.
A telegram has been received from Admiral Chadwick, stating that Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley, at present captives in the hands of the brigand Raisuli, will probably be released tomorrow.—Reuter.

MUSICAL TWINS.

Jan Kubelik Becomes a
Proud Father.

HAPPY BUT ANXIOUS.

Jan Kubelik, tied to his engagements in London, has become a father. His wife, far away at their home in Bohemia, presented him with twins at eleven o'clock on Sunday night.

He was writing a long letter to her when the *Mirror* representative entered his room at his hotel, but he sprang up at once with a smile of greeting.

"May I offer you congratulations, Herr Kubelik?"

"Yes, it is true," said the young virtuoso. He looked so young, one could hardly imagine him as a father. "But really I hardly know myself," he added.

THE NERVOUS FATHER.

He was nervous and agitated, as well he might be. He had been away for the week-end, and on his return early yesterday morning the telegram announcing the event was handed to him.

He had left his wife, whom he married only a year ago, at their home, Kolin Castle, in Bohemia, in order that he might fulfil his engagements, and do his duty to the music-loving public. He was away on private pleasure when the event happened.

"You see," he said in his quiet, broken English, anxiously pressing his handkerchief between his moist palms, and again running his hand through his long, black hair, "it is the first time I have been a father. She there and I here. Ah! But I could not break my engagements."

"Ah, yes," he added, "my wife is quite well, but I am anxious."

"Herr Kubelik," said the *Mirror* representative, "may I ask whether you would accept from the *Daily Mirror* some small christening present for your firstborn to mark what is no doubt, after your marriage, the greatest occasion in your life?"

The young virtuoso's face brightened. He made a deprecating gesture.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I should accept with much pleasure."

"No, indeed," he went on, "I do not think it hard that there were two; it is a joy to me—a joy." And his big brown eyes, so wide apart and steady, glowed with pleasure.

VICTIM OF "ENGAGEMENTS."

Jan Kubelik, who has been loved by hundreds of women for his good looks and his rare genius, married the woman he loved. Yet, as the slave of the public, he is forced to be far away from her and from his firstborn. She in Bohemia and he cooped up in a London hotel.

It is a pathetic page from the life of a public man, and shows clearly what are the limitations and sacrifices the famous pay for their fame.

In a few days the *Daily Mirror* christening present will be handed to Herr Kubelik.

A portrait of Herr Kubelik appears on page 9.

P. AND O. DISASTER.

Loss of Steamer Worth a Quarter of
a Million Sterling.

For the first time in fifty years the P. and O. Company have lost a vessel on the Australian coast.

The name of the lost steamer is the *Australia*, which was wrecked at the entrance to Melbourne Harbour. Perfect discipline was maintained, and both passengers and crew were landed in safety. No hopes are entertained of saving the vessel, as there are fifteen feet of water in the engine-room.

The P. and O. Company do not insure their ships, but maintain a big insurance fund of their own, as the more economical method. The loss to be borne by this reserve fund is about a quarter of a million sterling.

A photograph of the *Australia* is printed on page 9.

UNSKILFUL OARSMEN DROWNED.

Bad oarsmanship has led to the loss of two lives on the Basingstoke Canal. Four youths were rowing in a light half-outrigger when they got in the way of an approaching craft, and the collision caused their boat to ship a little water. The boat did not sink, but the lads were panic-stricken, and all four jumped overboard into deep water.

Two, named Halfaire and Street, who clung to each other, sank at once, and were not seen again until their bodies were recovered with drags.

FIRE ON BLACKFRIARS RAILWAY BRIDGE.

For the second time within three months fire broke out last night on Blackfriars Railway Bridge. The Alpha float and several engines quickly got to work, and succeeded in preventing any serious damage.

MR. SIEVIER

ARRESTED.

Sensational Charge Against
Sceptre's Former Owner.

A COOL PRISONER.

"Thank you, I am quite cheerful," said Mr. Robert Standish Sievier, familiarly known in the racing world as "Bob" Sievier, to a representative of the *Mirror*, who exchanged a few words at Bow-street Police Court yesterday with the man whom Sceptre made famous.

Mr. Sievier had just been remanded on £6,000 bail, which was found for him by two sureties, Mr. Robert Topping and Mr. Clark Frost, in two moieties of £3,000 each. The charge against him is perjury in a private examination in bankruptcy on December 8, 1898.

"I have a perfect answer to the charge," said Mr. Sievier, betraying no trace of nervousness as to the fate in front of him. It would have been childish to have withheld some admiration for the pluck he displayed. There were no quavering tones in his deep voice, nor any of the ordinary indications of fear in his looks or manner. His sporting friends, unmistakable from their style and open-air complexions, who stood about the corridors of the court, seemed much more agitated than the "pal" whom they had not forsaken.

Give Me a Fair Field.

"All I ask for," continued Mr. Sievier, letting his friends walk on, "is a little bit fairer trial than I had some time ago from Mr. Justice Grantham. Given this, I shall come through the perjury charge all right. It is for this reason that I appear to you to be so composed.

"There is plenty of fair play in England, and especially in English courts of justice, and I am confident as to the result of this case."

Mr. Sievier explained the circumstances of his arrest.

"I got home at Elston House, Shroton, near Salisbury, at one o'clock this morning. They told me the detectives had called for me. I thought it was my turn to call upon them. So I took the first train after breakfast and surrendered at Scotland Yard.

"What is it all about?" I asked Chief-Inspector Arrow. He told me he had a warrant against me for perjury. And here I am leaving Bow-street on £6,000 bail. It had been an eventful morning.

"They didn't want much," remarked one of Mr. Sievier's friends, as he joined them. "And from a man who was only lately made bankrupt."

As Mr. Sievier—a thick-set, rather short man, wearing a blue suit and a bowler—walked away with two tall, athletic friends, taking a short cut through Covent Garden, it did not appear that anyone recognised him.

The Politest of Prisoners.

The proceedings before the magistrate had not taken as much time as the interval spent in finding the necessary bail, though that did not take more than half an hour. If any stranger had stepped into Bow-street during that period of suspense, he must have gathered that something unusual was afoot, judging from the numbers of well-dressed men eagerly conferring in whispers. They were contriving, as one of them observed, to "raise the wind for Bob."

Mr. Bodkin prosecuted on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Mr. Wontner attended to the interests of the accused.

Detective-Inspector Arrow, wasting no words, told the story of the arrest, and in doing so went out of the beaten track of rigmarole to describe Mr. Sievier as the politest of prisoners. He told how the accused said at Scotland Yard: "I am sorry that I gave you so much trouble at Shroton last night, but I surrender myself now to answer any charge you make against me."

A Perfect Answer.

Having heard the charge read to him at the Yard, Mr. Sievier asked: "Who is prosecuting?"

"The Director of Public Prosecutions," said Inspector Arrow.

"Paid by Sir James Duke, I suppose," replied Mr. Sievier, thinking of his late antagonist in the Law Courts.

"I know nothing of Sir James Duke," was the detective's reply.

Mr. Sievier added: "I have a perfect answer to this charge. I have courted this investigation."

Mr. Marsham, the stipendiary, then fixed the bail at £6,000, whereas there was surprise among the friends of the accused. A consultation followed, and Mr. Sievier's counsel made an offer of two sureties in £1,000 each, which, of course, fell considerably short.

Ultimately the £6,000 was guaranteed, and the magistrate had his joke with counsel: "Mr. Wontner, your bail has turned round on you."

In the court upstairs the trial of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley was going on at the same time.

A portrait of Mr. Sievier appears on page 9.

PRINCESS AS LION TAMER.

Famous English Beauty in a
Strange Role.

With a pale blue roof and decked with pictures of familiar nursery rhymes, few will recognise today the Albert Hall. Instead of the strains of impressive music which are usually heard in the vast building, there will be the music of light laughter, the swish of dainty frocks, and the chink of money in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children.

It is not an ordinary bazaar. There will be no woolwork slippers on sale, for instance, but in their stead a real live lion. Princess Henry of Prussia is in charge of the lion. He arrived yesterday, looking excessively bored, but he growled in contempt and disapproval when he saw his cage built up as a miniature jungle, with cardboard rocks and paper palms.

There are bears and monkeys, and parrots and crocodiles, and dogs and cats for sale, but the lion is the great attraction, with his fair keeper, "The Princess of the Golden Locks." They are getting on very contentedly together, and it is hoped when the Princess ventures in his cage he will treat her with proper respect. It is not everyday that a Princess plays the part of lion-tamer, even in the cause of charity.

But these are not all the novelties. There is a wonderful cove of jewels, where lovely ladies will temptingly offer gems of price; and in a miniature Bisley Mr. Walter Winans, the famous revolver shot, will induce you to try your skill and gain a prize.

On the floor of the hall are the nursery-rhyme stalls. Presiding over a shoe full of toys—"The Old Woman who lived in a shoe"—will be Lady Chelsea and the Duchess of Beaufort. "Hickery-dickery-dock," "Jack and Gill," "Hey-diddle-diddle," "Little Bo-Peep," and "The Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds" are all to be found in their familiar guise, with beautiful and well-known women selling at their different doors.

The opening will provide an exciting spectacle, as at a touch from the Queen's hand "the cow will jump over the moon."

WOMEN "CLUBMEN."

Female Workers Installed in a £6,000
a Year Mansion.

The Lyceum Club for working women—and the wives of distinguished working men—was opened yesterday at 128, Piccadilly. A respectful crowd watched the arrival of an endless stream of carriages, and noticed the accustomed grace with which the working women swept up the wide stairway into their £6,000 a year mansion.

Being situated—ideally some people say—between the "Bachelors" and the "Cavalry," the latest women's club can give points to either in the spaciousness of its suites of apartments and its view up and down Piccadilly and over the Green Park.

When ladies take possession of a man's club with all its belongings there are bound to be odd signs of its famous owners. Of such is a mammoth tarpon hanging on the staircase, and the little hole which the billiard-room door with "Watch the stroke" over it. This caused quite an undue amount of crushing pretty dresses and much feminine curiosity as to what it could possibly mean.

No one ventured to test the smoking-room, and the card-room was vacant, perhaps because money stakes are prohibited.

JERSEY LILY'S JEWELS.

Sale at Christie's Attracts Few Private
Buyers.

Though the sale of thirty-six lots of jewels belonging to Mrs. Langtry attracted a large crowd to Messrs. Christie's sale rooms yesterday afternoon, there were few private buyers, and most of the lots were knocked down to West End dealers.

A long, brilliant neck-chain, with pear-shaped pendant of brilliants, fetched the highest price, £1,500; a brilliant cluster brooch realised £455, and a pair of brilliant brooches formed as a spray of lilies and the initials "L. L." and attached by a chain of brilliants, £400.

Mrs. Langtry's town house will be sold by auction on July 19 by Messrs. Harrod. This house, which is in Tedworth-square, has been in Mrs. Langtry's possession for a considerable time, and the famous actress has had it exquisitely furnished and decorated. The furniture will not be included in this sale.

PANIC AMONG WORKMEN.

A serious fire that broke out in a wharf at 54, Bankside, early yesterday morning, created a panic among a hundred workmen, and threatened a crowded warehouse district with destruction. The fire was checked in about an hour, after it had burned out the entire upper storey and destroyed two-thirds of the roof.

The Prince of Wales attended the meeting of the Royal Commission on Food Supply in the town of War at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

PRODIGY OF PRODIGIES.

Boy of Twelve Who Is Writing
an Opera with a Queen.

This is a season of musical "prodigies." The latest arrival is Florizel von Reuter, aged twelve years, composer, violinist, and conductor, and in many ways he is the most marvellous of them all.

Yesterday the musical representative of the *Mirror* interviewed Florizel, who has arrived in London "to hear some opera," as he explained. Incidentally, he is going to give some concerts, at which he will appear in his triple rôle.

A really marvellous musician in this little, fair-haired boy, and he discourses on music in an amazing manner. All the difficult Wagnerian scores he knows by heart, and the scores of Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms, are all familiar to him.

The conversation turning on opera, Florizel volunteered the information that he was composing an opera, the libretto of which is being written by a Queen.

"The Queen of Rumania (Carmen Sylva) is writing the libretto, and this summer I am going to Niewiede, her summer residence, and we shall work together there," said the boy. "Already I have seen some of the libretto, and I have got some of my music ready."

"It will be in the Wagnerian style. That is the only foundation nowadays for a modern opera, I think."

Conducted a Court Orchestra.

The marvellous boy has composed a symphony, a violin concerto, a quartet, a symphonic poem, many other orchestral pieces, violin pieces, and so forth.

Asked about his conducting, he said:

"It's three years ago since I first took it up. Not long ago I conducted the Court orchestra at Athens, and they wanted to make me their permanent conductor, but, of course, I refused."

As a violinist, Florizel is said to be equally marvellous. He appears at Queen's Hall on Wednesday week, and should provide a sensation.

DOCKYARD TOWN ELECTION.

Indications of a Heavy Poll at
Devonport.

Polling day at Devonport yesterday for the election of a successor in Parliament to Mr. Lockie, who resigned the seat after winning it for the Conservative party at a by-election following the death of the late Mr. E. J. C. Morton, was marked by a great display of party colours. Workers were very numerous, and Conservatives and Liberals showed boundless activity.

Both Sir John Jackson, the Conservative candidate, and Mr. J. Williams Benn, the Liberal, visited the polling stations and their respective committee-rooms constantly throughout the day. They found every indication that a heavy poll was taking place. Soldiers and sailors had facilities for voting, but non-voters belonging to the Services were precluded from taking any part in the election.

By the by-election in October, 1902, the figures were:—

Mr. J. Lockie (C.)	3,785
The Hon. T. A. Brassey (L.)	3,757
Conservative maj.	28

"WARE WIRE!"

How a Motor Driver Nearly Lost His
Head.

A new terror has been added to the troubles of the motorist at night. As Mr. F. Partridge, a member of the Automobile Club, was returning at night to London from Maidenhead he noticed, near Slough, a wire drawn across the road just in front of his face.

He had the presence of mind to dash his hand up and snapped the wire.

Alighting he discovered that the wire had been attached to the telegraph posts on either side of the road at the height of five or six feet.

Several constables were dispatched on cycles in search of the miscreants who had laid the trap, but nothing was seen of them. Had not Mr. Partridge noticed the wire it might have cut his head off.

ENGLAND WINS KAISER'S CUP.

With the exception of the Ingomar, which arrived at 2.21 a.m. yesterday, the big schooners have not done well in the Dover to Heligoland yacht race.

Even the Ingomar failed to save her time allowance in the handicap, and does not find a place in the five prize winners.

Dr. Douglas Kerr's yawl Valdora, 106 tons, takes the German Emperor's Cup, and the remaining four prizes fall to Mr. Ferguson's cutter Nicandra, Mr. Lee's yawl Vendur, Lord Dunsraven's ketch Carlad, and Mr. Rait's cutter Fionra.

100-HOUR MOTOR TRIP

Prospects of Success in the
2,000 Miles "Mirror"

Non-Stop Run.

SLEEP IN WATCHES.

The announcement that the *Daily Mirror* would attempt to establish a 2,000 miles non-stop reliability motor run has aroused great interest in motorist circles.

Punctually to-morrow afternoon at 8 p.m., as Big Ben strikes the hour, the *Mirror* car will leave the Embankment, at the foot of Carnarvon-street, for its long northern journey to Perth.

The Talbot car, in which the trip will be made, is an ordinary 20-h.p. four-cylinder, four-seated touring car, with tonneau body, and was taken haphazard from the showrooms of the Clement-Talbot Company in Long-acre.

The Clincher tyres are of the usual type, made by the North-British Rubber Company, and it is hoped that this run will establish the equality of British tyres with the Continental articles.

Mr. Weigel, the driver, has piloted cars in the Paris-Vienna and Paris-Madrid races, and is considered one of the foremost experts in the automobile industry.

The Talbot car will run 100 miles on one charge of petrol, but in case of emergencies en route the agents have arranged to supply the spirit every 100 miles.

Food will be handed to the occupants of the car by the agents who bring the petrol.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative yesterday Mr. Weigel said, "I am very confident that we shall succeed in our attempt unless some unforeseen disaster intervenes."

Legal Speed.

"The trip will be made throughout at a speed within the legal limit, and all going well I hope to accomplish the three journeys in 100 hours."

There will be only one stop, and that will be at Perth, where we shall be entertained by the Provost and Sir Thomas Dewar. During the half hour or so occupied by the luncheon my engineer will run the car slowly up and down the streets so that the engine will be kept going without any unnecessary friction.

"It is possible," said the motorist, "that there may be some delay owing to dangerous pieces of the hilly roads in the north and the sharp curves."

The four occupants of the car will take it in turn to sleep in the back seats; my engineer, Mr. Slater, will drive in one watch, and I shall conduct the car in the other.

"It is dangerous to sleep on the front seat," said Mr. Weigel, "as there is a risk of being thrown off. During the long, lonely hours of the night cold coffee will be my principal beverage."

The aim of the *Daily Mirror* is a two-ended one, and the fact of the engine stopping for any minor adjustment is not going to upset the main object of the trip.

The principal idea of the *Daily Mirror* is to show that an ordinary touring motor-car can do a 2,000 miles continuous journey, which is an absolute impossibility for the finest locomotive ever built.

There are very few engines on the big railways which travel over 150 miles in one run, except the Holyhead and Plymouth two express trains. After all their journeys the locomotives are put into the engine shed and thoroughly overhauled before they are sent out again.

Two-fold Congratulation.

From the time the Talbot car leaves the Embankment to-morrow afternoon the engine will be kept going without cessation until the 2,000 miles record has been accomplished.

Several well-known automobilists will escort Mr. Weigel and the *Daily Mirror* car as far as Banet. Among the number will be the Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P.

The route from the Embankment will be via Northumberland-avenue, Pall Mall, Regent-street, Oxford-street and Baker-street to Regent's Park, and then by the Great North-road right through to Scotland.

The *Mirror* car will be known by a yellow flag, with the words *Daily Mirror* in large black letters, carried on the rear of the car.

Much depends on the engine and tyres of the car, and also on the powers of endurance of Mr. Weigel and his engineer, Mr. Slater.

After completing the trip Mr. Weigel is to be married early next week, and has already received numerous congratulations on both events.

The announcement of the trip in yesterday's *Mirror* has already resulted in the daring motorist being inundated with offers of all kinds of stores, from drip oil to indiarubber boots. "Will you use Whiffin's Nerve Tonic? reply said," is a specimen of the wires received.

RAND COOLIES AND "BERI-BERI."

The Chinese coolies brought to Durban by the ss. Tweeddale are expected to leave for the Rand to-day. There are reputed to be forty cases of beri-beri on board.—Reuter.

"HOOLEYISMS."**Amusing War of Words Between
Counsel and Witness
at Bow-street.**

Reference was again made to Mr. A. J. Paine's Friday visits to Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley at Walsingham House when the charge of conspiring to defraud Mr. Paine was further investigated at Bow-street yesterday.

For a brief minute during the case Mr. Hooley and Mr. H. J. Lawson had a companion in the dock. A lady who found her way into the crowded court, at a loss for a seat, saw that there was room at the entrance to the dock beside Mr. Lawson, and promptly sat down. But the gaoler at once stepped forward and whispered the word "Dock" in her ear. With a blush the lady started from the seat which she had so innocently taken and sought refuge in a chair which the gaoler had procured for her.

Mr. Paine, in the course of his cross-examination by Mr. Avory, who is defending Hooley, gave details of certain share transactions in connection with a Blackpool company.

"Are the Blackpool shares to-day at par?" he was asked.

"I should be very doubtful, because nothing that Mr. Hooley has had to deal with since his bankruptcy has ever attained the dignity of being up to par," Mr. Paine replied.

Encouraging Mr. Avory.

There was some repetition of the heated passages between counsel and witness which had marked the previous hearing.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Avory, I shan't make any mistake," Mr. Paine was saying, when Mr. Hooley's counsel cut him short with "Don't talk to me, sir. Just answer the question."

The subject of the Walsingham House Fridays was brought up by Mr. Avory asking whether a certain visit was paid on Wednesday, April 3, 1901.

Mr. Paine replied that it was quite possible. His days for visiting Walsingham House were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. "Fridays were the days when they caught me," he added.

Mr. Avory: Or the days when you tried to catch them?

Mr. Paine: Ah! I had very bad luck. A desire was shown by Mr. Paine to go more fully into certain matters, but Mr. Avory stopped him. "We don't want to get more into the mire," he said.

"I don't mind going into the mire to get this cleared up," shouted Mr. Paine, and drew down on himself a remonstrance from Mr. Fenwick, the magistrate.

"Keep cool," said Mr. Avory, genially. Mr. Paine wiped his brow and smiled.

Mr. Paine said when he first met Mr. Hooley he knew nothing about mines or mining shares. "But now I know," he continued. "I haven't got much to learn about mining shares."

Story of "Burglary."

In connection with a missing document, Mr. Avory said: "Do you suggest Mr. Hooley has destroyed it?"

"Knowing what I do now," replied Mr. Paine, "I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Hooley would have taken it somewhere else, and borrowed more money on it, and then deliberately made away with it. Why, that's nothing for Mr. Hooley. He tried to burgle my house, the Windsor Castle. He entered into a conspiracy with another man to break in and steal my papers and documents."

"Did Mr. Hooley ever lend you money?" asked Mr. Avory. Mr. Paine's reply resolved itself into a smothered ejaculation, apparently intended to express contempt.

Mr. Avory: Answer the question, and don't make horrible noises, sir. (Laughter.)

Mr. Paine (emphatically): Certainly not. Mr. Hooley never lent me money.

The case was adjourned until Thursday week.

DANGER TO THE RACE.

In charging the grand jury at the opening of the Old Bailey Sessions yesterday, the Recorder commented on the circumstances of the case against Dr. Frederick Hicks, a West End practitioner, who is accused of making an illegal use of surgical instruments.

"The case discloses," he said, "a condition of morality which, I trust, has not spread very far or wide. If it does, there must ensue a decadence of our race, which must have most serious consequences."

"Had the woman in this case died, the doctor would have been charged with murder. Of late, there has been a tendency in such an event to minimise this offence to manslaughter; but by what process of reasoning this course is arrived at I have not been able to understand."

William Kuhnmann, a German waiter, who had been arrested on suspicion of having set fire to the Tivoli Restaurant, was discharged at Bow-street yesterday.

TRAGEDY OF TWELVE MARRIAGES.**Unhappy Husbands and Wives Pass in Quick
Succession Through the Divorce Court.**

A dozen husbands and wives to whom their own misjudgment or misfortune had yoked unfaithful spouses asked for and obtained "decrees nisi" from the President of the Divorce Court yesterday.

Comedy and tragedy trod on one another's heels in the manner peculiar to the Divorce Court of a Monday, for it is on that day that "undefended causes," at the rate of one every quarter of an hour, are, as flippant juniors express it, "polished off."

Thus, with only a few moments between the recitatives, the Court was told how detectives found a co-respondent hiding under a bed, and how an erring wife, turned from her husband's house, wrote to him that she had not a penny in her pocket and nowhere to lay her head.

The following are the main features of cases possessing interest for others besides the unfortunate "parties" to them.

SANDERSON v. SANDERSON.

Mr. George Frederick Theodore Sanderson was in July, 1900, living with his wife in Belfast. He had been married eight years, and had recently been appointed to the post of manager of a local music-hall. One morning he announced his intention of going for a bathe at the "Black Head Rock," near the town, and rode away from home on his bicycle.

He never came back to his home again. That very evening Mrs. Sanderson read in the Belfast evening papers that her husband's clothes, with his boots and towel, had been found near the rock.

But Mr. Sanderson had not been drowned, as his wife naturally believed, and as he had schemed she should believe. He had taken passage for Liverpool, and thence sailed away to Australia with another woman.

This case did not end until long afterwards. Then it came to her ears that her husband's father had received the following letter from his son:—

My Dear Father,—This is from your loving son George. I fell in love more like a madman than a sane person, and gave up all for the girl I loved. We arrived here (Sydney) September 13, 1900, and I have been out of employment ever since, and have been starving with the poor lass I brought with me. Ask God to forgive me. From your loving son, Ask God to forgive me.

P.S.—If you ever see Janie and my little one put your arms round them and comfort them, and kiss them from me.

So Mrs. Sanderson was granted a decree.

SMITH v. SMITH AND KAY.

Mrs. Annie Smith, before her marriage to John Smith, a pawnbroker's assistant, living at Whitby, in Northumberland, had a sweetheart named Ben Kay.

She met him when she was out for a walk at Southport, she afterwards told her husband, and

MURDERER'S PLACE OF DEATH.**Where Berryman Used to Go Nutting
as a Boy.**

The last phase of the murder at the ruins of Castle-an-Dinas, in Cornwall, was reached at St. Columb yesterday, when the inquests on the young girl, Jessie Rickard, and her murderer, the youth Charles Berryman, were concluded.

The evidence in the former case showed that there were five bullet wounds in the girl's face and one in the elbow. Beyond the bullet wounds there were no signs of other injuries. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Berryman.

The finding of Berryman's body in a pool near Castle-an-Dinas was described by Simon Chapman, a farmer. Berryman must have been well acquainted with the spot, as he had often gone there nutting as a schoolboy.

Chapman also discovered a revolver containing one spent cartridge and three cartridges, and a policeman took from Berryman's pocket a box containing thirty-six cartridges. He also found a cigarette-case containing Miss Rickard's photograph, a letter to his mother written in pencil, a razor, a knife, and sepence.

Other evidence proved that Berryman shot himself in the chest while standing beside the pool, and the jury returned a verdict of Felo-de-se.

A photograph of Jessie Rickard with her father and sister appears on page 9.

FRENCH SPY MANIA.

Telegrams from Brest state that the British subject arrested at Kerphou on suspicion of being a spy, is James Ellis, who was born at Quebec, of French parents.

At his lodgings a number of envelopes, bearing English, Belgian, and German stamps, were discovered.—Reuter.

as he was so nicely dressed and spoke so respectfully," she consented to answer his salutation, though he was a stranger, and to continue her walk with him as companion. Thus they became sweethearts.

The young woman changed her mind, however, when she met Mr. John Smith, and she married the latter.

Some time after the wedding Ben Kay paid a visit to his former sweetheart. Counsel's description of this incident reminded admirers of Hood in Court of certain lines from "Nellie Gray," which, with the lady's name altered, applied exactly to the scene being pictured. It is excusable to quote them—even in such a real-life, sad connection—so close is the parallel:—

But when he got on Nellie Gray,
To see how she called on Ben,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

Ben protested his love with tears in his eyes, but Annie declared that she loved John, her husband, the better. Then Ben, who was sitting in the arm-chair, broke down and wept. He told Annie that she had been "his daily thought and nightly dream."

His renewed suit, nevertheless, was destined to prove more successful than that of poor Ben Battle. He prevailed at last on his old sweetheart to desert her husband for him, with the result that Sir Francis Juce yesterday pronounced a decree nisi.

L. E. FLIGHT v. H. R. FLIGHT.

Mrs. Lucy Emma Flight married Harry Richard Flight in 1879. Her husband was an actor, his stage name being Harry Yardley. In 1890 she found a photograph of a young actress among his papers, and when she complained he deserted her and went to live with this Miss Bidding.

Mrs. Flight tried to get him back, and once, when she met him with the girl in Tottenham Court-road, there was a painful scene.

For many years she refrained from seeking a divorce, hoping against hope that her husband would get over his infatuation and return to her. At length she realised that this was impossible, and she asked for a divorce.

Her request was granted.

NORRIS v. NORRIS AND DURDLE.

Mrs. Norris married Dr. Edwin Norris seventeen years ago. They lived together amicably until the wife conceived an attachment for her own nephew, a young man only eighteen years old.

There were confessions, and Mrs. Norris then wrote a letter begging for forgiveness.

"My dear Edwin," she said, "can't you find it in your heart to forgive me? I am not so young as I was seventeen years ago. If I do not hear from you I shall have to hang in front of me but the river. Has all your love turned to hate?"

But her husband felt obliged to ask for a divorce, which yesterday was granted to him.

RECORD CRICKET.**Will Fry Score Four Thousand Runs
This Season?**

C. B. Fry has probably never been in better form than he is this year.

Although only one-third of the season has yet run its course, he has scored no fewer than 1,300 runs, and possesses an average of 87.37 for sixteen completed innings. When it is remembered that Fry has scored a century once in every three of his half-hundreds in the week, it will be seen that he has only to keep up this average to break all records. In 1901 Fry scored thirteen centuries in forty-three innings, and if he plays no more innings than he did that year he should smother this record by compiling at least fourteen centuries.

Abel holds the aggregate record. He made 3,309 in 1901, but Fry, on recent form, is almost certain to eclipse this, and even 4,000 runs, for the season is by no means impossible.

Fry's centuries up to the present are as follows:

120 v. Somerset, at Brighton.
191 v. Leicester, at Leicester.
226 v. Derby, at Derby.
177 v. Yorkshire, at Sheffield.
105 v. Lancashire, at Manchester.
150 v. Cambridge, at Brighton.

*Signifies not out.

MISSIONARIES FOR THE ESQUIMAUX.

Two ladies sail on Friday on the Harmony to spend ten years as missionaries among the Esquimaux.

On Thursday the Moravian Mission, which is equipping the expedition to Labrador, will assemble on board the ship in the London Docks to bid them farewell.

JUDGE'S DRESS CRITICISMS**Though Tried in Court the New
Costume Still Proves
Disappointing.**

With the extremely delicate task before him, at Bloomsbury County Court yesterday, of deciding the merits of a dispute between a lady and a tailor's traveller as to the fit of a dress, his Honour requested the fair defendant to put on the costume.

The lady, Miss Annie Gibson, of York-road, Brentford, who had refused to pay a balance of £2 2s. due on the dress on account of its shortcomings, acquiesced in the Judge's wish, and, after undressing, reappeared arrayed in the costume. It had been made, it was stated, by a lady's tailor named Yewlett, for whom the traveller had taken the order.

Judge Bacon: Well, what's the matter with it? The Lady (indignantly): Matter with it! It's a misfit. The skirt is much too long.

The Judge: That fault is easily corrected.

Defendant: Your Honour, the waist is too ordered, two pockets in the jacket, and there is only one. Then it ought to be a tight-fitting jacket, and, sec, I can put both my hands up the back.

Judge Bacon (to the tailor): Surely the jacket should not be all angles in front. It looks like a sort of wedge.—That's the fault of the buttons, your Honour.

Not the Fault of the Buttons.

Judge Bacon: No, it is not the fault of the buttons; it is the fault of the man who put the buttons on. She says it is not tight enough, and does not show her figure to full advantage.

Defendant: Your Honour, the waist of the jacket is half-way up my back. It was to be a walking costume, and the skirt should escape the ground all the way round. Besides, I did not get it as promised.

Plaintiff: It was promised for Good Friday; it was delivered the day before, and she wore it on Good Friday.

Defendant: Well, I only went a little way in it, it fitted so badly that I had to go home in a cab.

The Judge came to the decision that Miss Gibson would have to pay, adding that he thought it would be to the tailor's interest to make the dress fit.

THREATENING AN ARCHDEACON.**Brother's Conduct Leads to a Police
Court Charge.**

Under painful circumstances Archdeacon Beresford Potter, of Clay Hill, Enfield, appeared as prosecutor at Wood Green Police Court yesterday. His brother, John Hudson Potter, had threatened to murder him, he alleged.

For years Archdeacon Potter had allowed his brother £1 per week, but the latter, it was stated in evidence, led a dissipated life, and quickly got out of the money. Latterly he had frequently visited the Archdeacon's house and created disturbances.

Obviously feeling the position acutely, Archdeacon Potter related how when his brother came to the house last Thursday he was refused admission. There was a scene, and the brother uttered a threat of murder. When Potter was arrested he told the police that he had tried to pawn his watch in order to buy a revolver with which to shoot the Archdeacon and himself.

The Chairman of the Bench said the accused man's conduct did not appear to be consistent with that of a man having a properly-balanced mind, and he should remand him for a week for medical examination.

QUICKLY LOST AND FOUND.

When a costermonger drove up to a house in Redbourn-avenue, Finchley, and confidently remarked to a Mr. T. G. Surgy, "You have lost your dog," Mr. Surgy denied that such was the case.

However, the costermonger explained that he was in reality a Scotland Yard detective, and had been shadowing an elderly man and woman, who had driven in a cart from Blackfriars-road to Church-end, Finchley, where he had seen them placing an Irish terrier in a sack. They were about to make off with it when he accosted them.

The dog was released, and at once made for home. The detective compelled the man to drive after it, and in this way the owner was discovered.

This story was told yesterday at Highgate Police Court, where James and Hannah Dickenson were committed for trial on a charge of attempting to steal the terrier.

TRACED BY A BOOK.

Called to investigate the theft of an iron safe from Marlborough-road, Chelsea, police officers discovered in a sack a small red book relating to a regimental field hospital. It bore the name of Thomas Howley, written backwards. This led the detectives to effect the arrest of a young man so named, and an Army reservist. He admitted the ownership of the book, but could give no satisfactory explanation of its recovery. He was accordingly charged and remanded by the Westminster magistrate.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Mr. Clement Scott has had a relapse, and his condition is now very grave indeed.

Four gentlemen failing to attend in accordance with summonses to serve on the grand jury at the Old Bailey yesterday were fined £20 each.

£20,000 has been given by Mrs. Percy Sladen, of Devonshire, in memory of her late husband, as a fund for the promotion of scientific research in natural science.

Writing to a Plymouth paper a pigeon fancier describes how he saw a hawk descend on a flight of carrier pigeons, and he suggests such attacks may account for many pigeon fanciers' losses.

Mr. Justice Bray, the recently-appointed Judge, attended in the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday and took the oath of allegiance, and also one pledging him to discharge his judicial duties "without fear or favour, affection or ill-will."

TOSSED UP FOR THE SEAT.

After four attempts, rendered abortive by certain irregularities, the election of the Parish Council for Pilling, Lancashire, has been settled by the spin of a coin.

When the poll closed on Saturday night it was found Messrs. Dobson and Parkinson tied with the same number of votes. A recount discovered no solution of the deadlock, and finally the two candidates tossed for the seat, Mr. Parkinson winning.

PORTMANTEAU TIED TO DROWNED MAN.

Round the neck of a man who was found drowned on the shore at Ainsdale, near Birkdale, was a rope, to which was attached a Gladstone bag filled with clothing marked "R.R."

In a pocket was a mine share certificate in the name of Robert Rowe, Manchester.

GERMAN LINER BREAKS THE RECORD.

The North-German Lloyd Atlantic liner Kaiser Wilhelm the Second arrived at Plymouth yesterday morning from New York, having established a new world's record for the Atlantic voyage.

She covered the distance of 3,112 miles in 5 days 11 hours 58 min., her average speed during the voyage being 23.58 knots.

BURIAL SERVICE OVER A PIT SHAFT.

After unsuccessful operations to recover the body of the lad Middleton, who fell down a disused shaft whilst bird-nesting at Moor Row (Cumberland), the work has been abandoned.

The relatives of the lad have been advised to have the burial service conducted over the mouth of the shaft.

FATALITY INJURED AT NINETY-NINE.

Phoebe Garrett, of Old Ford, aged ninety-nine years and six months, has died as the result of an accident. Being ill a few weeks ago she was removed to the local infirmary, and while there she was injured through another patient pushing open a door suddenly and striking the old lady in the back with it.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

"CANNOT COMMIT A GREATER SIN."

"Parents, teach your young people that they cannot commit a greater sin than to enlist in the Army or the Navy. Tell them that to enlist in the Army is to enlist in the service of the devil."

These extraordinary words are part of an extraordinary sermon with which the Rev. R. Fillingham, vicar of Hexton, disturbed the quiet serenity of the Primitive Methodists of Kilburn-lane.

48 BOTTLES UNDER THE BED.

Daniel Deneen, at Newport, applied for a judicial separation against his wife, on the grounds of her habitual drunkenness.

He said he had been disagreeably surprised to discover forty-eight empty pint beer bottles under the bed. Afterwards he found a case of beer under the bed. He found that his wife was running him seriously into debt, and was continually drunk.

She had pawned a great many things. The wife counter-claimed for a separation on the grounds of cruelty, but the husband won his case. He will have to allow his drunken wife 20s. a week for maintenance.

WHICH IS THE ELDER TWIN?

John and Charles Jarrold are twins, but John declares that he saw daylight some thirty minutes before his brother, and is, therefore, his senior. Mr. Charles M. Jarrold, their father, a baker of Girvan, died intestate, leaving some property. One of the twins, John, was abroad at the time, and his brother Charles took possession of the property, claiming to be his father's lawful heir.

Charles says that his father, mother, and all the relatives always looked upon him as the eldest son. But the case is now being fought out in the Edinburgh Court of Session. The question is which was born first.

Through eating a hearty meal of cockles, William Watts, a Newport pilot, died two hours later.

Tea dealers of Bolton, who organised a competition and offered pianos and gold watches as prizes, have been fined £2 for dealing in plate without a licence.

Noise and yells from lunatics in the Cardiff Workhouse have seriously disturbed the service at a chapel adjacent, and the congregation have approached the guardians to prevent a recurrence of the unpleasant experience.

The young American who described himself as "Julian Ralph," a journalist, and obtained jewelry by false pretences, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

The London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company advertise an acknowledgment of the receipt of £7 "conscience money" at their season ticket office. This is unusual. It is not often that we hear of people who have defrauded railway companies being so stricken by remorse.

"ONE OF THE BEST OF MEN."

Albert James Garrett, a carpenter, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment at the Central Criminal Court yesterday for bigamously marrying Emma Rebecca Simcock.

But on the "second wife" being asked if she had any complaint to make against the prisoner she replied, "None at all. He was one of the best of men."

"GHOST" ON FIRE.

Arthur Blacker, who was dressed up to represent a ghost at a society gala at Hunslet, Leeds, came into contact with a lighted match, and instantly his flimsy clothing was in a blaze.

He was badly burned about the arms and legs, and was removed to the infirmary for treatment.

OLD LADY AS BOOKMAKER.

At Enfield yesterday, an old lady named Annie Jackson, of Ponder's End, was summoned for street betting.

She denied receiving money, and said the police must have mistaken picture postcards for betting slips. She handed up a postcard to the Bench, but the magistrates were not convinced, and fined her £6, including costs.

DOG'S EXPENSIVE BITE.

A ferocious retriever, owned by Isaac Abrahams, of St. George's, seized a man's arm and would not lose its grip until a policeman used his truncheon. Then the dog snapped at the constable.

At Thames Police Court yesterday the owner was ordered to pay £3 3s. compensation, and a fine of 20s. and costs.

SALVATIONISTS' £500 BAND.

The premier band of the Salvation Army, whose barracks are the Regent Hall, Oxford-street, was last night presented with a new silver set of instruments, which have cost £500.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge, handed them to the men, who will take the lead at the musical services when the International Congress opens.

YORKSHIRE CRICKETER ILL.

J. T. Brown, the well-known Yorkshire cricketer, is confined to his bed suffering from asthma. He was taken ill on the third day of Yorkshire's match with Leicester on May 18, but he recovered sufficiently to spend a week at Blackpool.

He has had a relapse, however, and, although he is going on well again, it is extremely improbable that he will be seen in first-class cricket for some time to come.

HEARTLESS ROGUE'S SMART SENTENCE.

In the Central Criminal Court yesterday George Weller, a printer, pleaded guilty to obtaining money by false pretences in the Ebbw Vale district. He had called at homes and informed the wives that their husbands had met with serious injuries in omnibus accidents, and had sent home for rugs and money to pay for cabs. In this way he obtained sums varying from 10s. to 27s. from the aggrieved wives.

He then went home, pulled the pocket out of his pocket, said to his wife, "There is enough here to poison half the street," put the poison in a tumbler of water, and drank it off.

A verdict of Temporary Insanity was returned.

"ENOUGH TO POISON A STREET."

Ronald Ginders, of Liverpool, obtained four ounces of cyanide of potassium from a chemist by representing that he wanted it for photography.

He then went home, pulled the packet out of his pocket, said to his wife, "There is enough here to poison half the street," put the poison in a tumbler of water, and drank it off.

A verdict of Temporary Insanity was returned.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who is confined to his house with illness, is progressing favourably.

The Puddington Council have declined to accept an offer by Mr. Carnegie of £25,000 towards the provision of two new libraries in the borough.

After many years of married life, Mr. Hamilton, of Kirby Stephen, died at the age of eighty-four, and his wife, aged eighty-five, died the next day. They have been buried together.

To save a walk Samuel Blawdon crept under the couplings of two railway wagons at Canning Town, and was run over by the train, which suddenly moved.

Thomas Forryan, of Burbage, who is eighty, has worked for sixty years on one farm. He has been awarded the Duke of Rutland's prize of £3 for the longest service as a farm labourer within the area of the Leicestershire Agricultural Society.

ROBBED HIS BROTHER'S SWEETHEART.

Albert Frisby, of Leeds, stole a gold watch from the bedroom of Elizabeth Sutcliffe, his brother's sweetheart, and went to Whitby on the proceeds.

From there he sent a letter enclosing the pawn ticket, stating he would come home when he was hungry.

He did—and was promptly arrested and sent to prison for six weeks.

ENGLISH ORDERS GIVEN TO FRENCHMEN.

It is stated that the directorate of the Metropolitan Railway Co., London, have, in connection with their electrification scheme now nearing completion, placed contracts exclusively with French builders for the early delivery of no fewer than 280 electric coaches.

TWO-THIRDS OF HIS LIFE IN PRISON.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday Thomas George, forty-eight, labourer, pleaded guilty to stealing a purse containing 2s. 2½d.

Mr. Todd, who prosecuted, said that the prisoner had been nineteen times convicted, and had passed thirty-two years in prison. George was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

MOTORIST'S LICENCE ENDORSED.

A motor-car driver was fined at Haywards's Heath yesterday the maximum penalty of £20 and £10 costs for driving at a speed dangerous to the public at Boleby.

It was alleged that the defendant was travelling at a speed of 35 miles an hour, and the Bench ordered his licence to be endorsed.

DASTARDLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

A dastardly practical joke has been played on a sailmaker staying in a Glasgow model lodging-house. When going to bed he put a bottle containing whisky under his pillow.

The next morning he drank some of the contents, and found that carbolic acid had been substituted for the whisky. He was taken in an unconscious state to the infirmary.

WARNED THEY SAILED TO DEATH.

Two brothers named Cooper hired a small sailing boat at Littlehampton, and though warned not to go outside the harbour left the port. A strong south-westerly wind was blowing, and the boat capsized.

A waterman immediately put out, but could find no trace of either boat or men. Later, the coastguards found the boat lying on her side with sails set, and two caps floating near. A few hours afterwards one of the bodies was recovered.

NAPOLEON'S HORSE AT MANCHESTER.

Inquiries made in Manchester as to the discovery of Napoleon's horse in an old lumber room at the Louvre Museum in Paris, with a label on the packing case indicating that it had come from a Manchester museum, show that the stuffed animal used to stand in the museum of the Manchester Natural History Society.

"I remember," said an old gentleman, "being taken as a boy to see Napoleon's horse. It was a shabby old beast; but although I don't remember how it came to Manchester, there was no doubt as to its genuineness."

TO JOIN LONDON TRAMWAYS.

At its 21st meeting of the L.C.C. Mr. Greenwood will submit a resolution that the Highways Committee report as to whether the S.E. and C.D.R.C. propose the rebuilding of Charing Cross Station.

If so, whether the Council can be advised to prepare a scheme for acquiring the existing station, and providing the company with a site for a new station on the Waterloo side of the river.

Mr. Greenwood's idea is to erect for general traffic a new bridge sufficiently wide to take a double line of tramway, thus linking up the Council's northern and southern systems.

Business Better, but Not So Good as Expected.

When members of the Stock Exchange came back from their holiday yesterday they seemed to expect more business and stronger markets than they did not get. The business, but the markets were by no means bad, and the feature, perhaps, was the rest with which Paris supported the International Group. Consols did not show much movement, but the various new scrips kept very firm. The London water purchase scheme is now practically arranged. The new stock offered being £109 10s. of three per cents. for every £100 awarded. This gave the new stock interest at 291 6d. per cent.

After official hours the issue of the balance of the Transvaal three per cent. guaranteed stock was announced. It is offered for tender at a minimum of 97 per cent.

In Home Rails there was next to no business, and apart from a general dull tendency, very little to notice. Brighton "A" was not helped by a traffic increase of as much as £5,000, against a decrease of £2,500 last year. The issue of Home Rails continued to buoy up the South-Western market, but the pessimists say that there is new capital ahead.

American Rails opened the week well, but New York did not give them any support in the afternoon, and they saw a lower level. But New York rallied them at the finish.

Canadian Rails, too, were inactive and dull, until Canadian Pacific rose with Americans at the close, and Argentine Rails were inclined to drop, but Mexican Rails were an improving market.

Paris supported all its international favourites, Spanish, Turkish, and the South American group being particularly strong. Uruguay was bought again, and are as mysterious as ever. Peruvian Corporation descriptions were a market feature, there being no stock do but the buyers say that there are better reasons in the background than have yet been made public.

The price of copper rose again, and copper shares were strong. Japanese were weak, on disappointments about the war. The appearance of the Russian Oil report was liked, and the dividend was fully up to expectations. The Hudson's Bay report was a disappointment, being, though, apart from interim dividends being promised, showings did not compare too well with last year. Paris seemed inclined to buy some of the airtight shares. Cold Storage descriptions were weaker.

Kaffirs were sick and sorry, and nearly everybody a seller at one time. There was slight improvement later, which was not much reflected in prices. The arrival of the Chinese in Durban had no good influence, for the market was talking about a third contingent, second contingent. Perhaps Westralians were a little better. Other mining sections did nothing at all.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* "The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ per cent. 99½	99½	Pacific 110	117
* Do Account 90½	90½	Western 122½	122½
India 3 per cent. 85½	85½	Mexican First 81½	82½
London C.C. 80½	80½	Do. Ord. 16½	16½
War Loan 97½	97½	Do. 2nd 16½	16½
Transvaal Loan 92½	92½	Do. 3rd 16½	16½
Argentine 1880 103½	103½	Do. 4th 16½	16½
Do Fundg 103½	103½	Do. 5th 16½	16½
Japan 4½ 1884 80	80	Do. 6th 16½	16½
Do 4 per cent. 75½	75½	Do. 7th 16½	16½
Per. Debs. 65½	65½	Do. 8th 16½	16½
Do Pref. 65½	65½	Do. 9th 16½	16½
Portuguese 65½	65½	Do. 10th 16½	16½
Russian 4 per cent. 100½	100½	Do. 11th 16½	16½
Spanish 4 per cent. 92½	92½	Do. 12th 16½	16½
Turkish 5 per cent. 84½	84½	Do. 13th 16½	16½
Uruguay 90 per cent. 60½	60½	Do. 14th 16½	16½
Brighton Def. 121½	121½	Do. 15th 16½	16½
Calcutta Def. 81½	81½	Do. 16th 16½	16½
Central London 92½	92½	Do. 17th 16½	16½
Chatham Ord. 154½	154½	Do. 18th 16½	16½
Do Pref. 80	80	Do. 19th 16½	16½
Do 2nd Pref. 65	65	Do. 20th 16½	16½
Great Eastern 91½	91½	Do. 21st 16½	16½
Gr. Northern 91½	91½	Do. 22nd 16½	16½
Gr. Central 14½	14½	Do. 23rd 16½	16½
Gr. Western 142½	142½	Do. 24th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 25th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 26th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 27th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 28th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 29th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 30th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 31st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 32nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 33rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 34th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 35th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 36th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 37th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 38th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 39th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 40th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 41st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 42nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 43rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 44th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 45th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 46th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 47th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 48th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 49th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 50th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 51st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 52nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 53rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 54th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 55th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 56th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 57th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 58th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 59th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 60th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 61st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 62nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 63rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 64th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 65th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 66th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 67th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 68th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 69th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 70th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 71st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 72nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 73rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 74th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 75th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 76th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 77th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 78th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 79th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 80th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 81st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 82nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 83rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 84th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 85th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 86th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 87th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 88th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 89th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 90th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 91st 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 92nd 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 93rd 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 94th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 95th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 96th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 97th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 98th 16½	16½
Gr. Eastern 142½	142½	Do. 99th 16½	16½
Gr. Southern 142½	142½	Do. 100th 16½	1

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1904.

HUMILIATING AND ABSURD

Once more the Prime Minister had to tell the House of Commons yesterday that the Cabinet have not yet decided what kind of an Army this country requires. It sounds ridiculous, yet that is really the meaning of Mr. Balfour's refusal to say when the long-promised statement by Mr. Arnold-Forster will be made. Would it not be best to suspend the sittings of Parliament and let Ministers devote their time to this question of supreme importance day by day and all day until they come to some agreement about it?

Compared with this, all other matters before the country are insignificant. What is the good of excluding peaceful aliens in their thousands if we are in danger of not being able to exclude an invading army of them in tens of thousands all disciplined and armed? Why worry about compensating disturbed publicans when there is a chance of our having to think about compensating some hostile Power for its trouble in making a raid upon Liverpool or Hull?

Our own view of the matter is very simply explained. What Britain needs is a small professional Army, say, 120,000 men, thoroughly well trained and equipped, and prepared to go anywhere at a few hours' notice. Behind this force we ought to have hundreds of thousands of citizen-soldiers, familiar with weapons, amenable to discipline, knowing as much of the conditions of actual warfare as can be taught by camps of instruction and sensibly-planned manoeuvres, and ready to take the field whenever it is necessary for us to employ a large Army.

If possible, these hundreds of thousands should be volunteers, paid for the time they devote to soldiering, and given certain special privileges as citizens. If we cannot get enough volunteers, then we ought to introduce some measure of conscription. This scheme is approved by many of the highest defence authorities, and it would have two very great advantages. It would give us an Army suited to our peculiar needs, and it would save many millions of money.

It would also put an end to the present absurd and humiliating state of things which obliges the Prime Minister to get up in his place in Parliament and say that he does not know what sort of an Army this great country requires.

Women's hands are growing larger. That is the meaning of the statement made by a leading glove manufacturer that "sixes" are now a good deal larger than they used to be. Grasping the handles of bicycles, holding golf-clubs and lawn tennis rackets, wielding heavy hockey-sticks—all these are responsible for the increase of size. As for the wish to have gloves called "sixes," even though they be "six and a quarter," that must be put down to the exaggerated self-respect which unkind people call vanity.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"A Man's Best Friend—"

I want to say that the best friends I ever had were my mothers-in-law. I loved and honoured them, and shall ever hold their memory sacred.—*President Smith*, of the Mormon Church, Utah.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AMONG THE NATIONS.



King Edward has just appeared upon Germany's political horizon, and the German Emperor, stranded like a Robinson Crusoe upon the lonely isle of Germany's political isolation, is anxiously waiting for his arrival.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

At last General Kuropatkin is on the move. A few days must bring us news of the success or failure of his first encounter with the Japanese. I hear that he is still as sure as he was when he left St. Petersburg that he will never return to Russia alive. The stories about his taking a coffin with him are absurd, of course. But something his old mother said when he went to bid her farewell struck him as a bad omen, and ever since then he has been persuaded that his career is near its end.

Everyone who knows Lord Dundonald is confident that he hasn't spoken about the dangerous state of Canada's defences either without reason or without long consideration of the matter. "One of the most silent men I have ever met," is what a war correspondent who knew Dundonald in South Africa calls him. This same correspondent, by the way, gives a vivid account of the arrival of the relieving force at Ladysmith.

"We were not expecting them," he says. "Only the day before our rations had been reduced to the lowest point on which a man can starve, and we were settling down to despair. But the news ran swiftly up and down the streets, and we crawled out to meet them with cheers such as ghosts might give at the sight of the living. In front of them came Dundonald himself—a trim, spare, soldierly man, with short, waving grey hair, a big moustache, and keen brown eyes under the strong brows. There was no excitement, no ecstatic emotion either in him or in anyone there. Nothing in the least like the imaginary pictures that sell."

A good many of the "clubbable souls" who were at the Lyceum yesterday afternoon had to hurry off to dress for the Women Writers' dinner in the evening. What a shy little chairwoman Miss Beatrice Harraden made! Her tiny figure and delicate features, crowned with masses of loose hair, looked more fragile than a flower. There was a time when Miss Harraden disliked publicity even more than "slating" reviews, of which she has had her share. But increased fame has brought with it increased courage and she did her duty at the Criterion like a man.

It was only an accident which made Miss Harraden persevere with her writing. She had made up her mind very early in life that she would like to see her work in "Blackwood's Magazine." But when she sent in her first story, the manuscript promptly came back. She tossed it into a drawer and felt that there was nothing left for her but to bid the world farewell. A little time afterwards she came across the rejected tale and out dropped a note from the editor advising her to try again. So she went ahead like steam and soon became famous.

"Jacky" Fisher will be warmly welcomed back at the Admiralty. He has the same passion for "putting things properly through," as Lord Kitchener, and a way of doing it that wins him popularity instead of dislike. He does not talk a great deal, but, when he does, he says things and means them. He once told the guests at a Royal Academy dinner that whenever he got up to make a speech he thought of the time he went on board his first ship, "and saw inscribed in great big gold letters, the one word, 'Silence.'"

If he woke up the Admiralty when he was Second Sea Lord, much more will he keep it on the run as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. He will certainly be a great change after Lord Walter Kerr, whom he succeeds. Lord Walter is a good sailor and a conscientious, but he has a gentle, almost diffident, manner, quite unlike Admiral Fisher's breezy, humorous, strong man's way. The one man owed his position in large measure to his noble birth. The other has made his way solely by "grit" and cleverness.

The news that Lord Plunket was yesterday sworn in as Governor of New Zealand reminds me of an unkind little story that is told against this young peer. He is the son of a former Archbishop of Dublin, who was once found by a friend in great distress. "My son, Willie, has told a lie," he explained, almost in tears. "What will become of him?" "Why," said the friend, "he'll be a diplomatist." And, when Willie grew up, that was just the career he chose.

Lord Salisbury has not appeared much in public since he succeeded his famous father and ceased to be Lord Cranborne. Last night, at the King's College dinner, he looked as much like his cousin, the Premier, as ever, but his style of speaking has improved since the days when he used to "bark" at the House of Commons and scold the Front Opposition Bench. He is still as much devoted to Bishops as when he declared that lawn sleeves affected Sir William Harcourt as a red rag does a bull, and in the Lords he gets more of their company. So he is not really as unhappy as he looks.

"I often hear of the iniquities of girls of the present day," says Lady Broom, in an amusing article in the "Boudoir" for July. "But I don't come across those specimens, and I confess that I honestly believe the modern girl, as I know her, to be a very great improvement on the early Victorian maiden." Still there cannot have been many girls even in the middle of last century who were like the one Lady Broom knew, who "amazed her husband by appearing the first Sunday morning after their marriage, with her prayer book, which she handed to him with the utmost gravity and proceeded to rattle off the collect, epistle, and gospel for the day, having no idea she was doing anything unusual."

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

General Stackelberg.

Just as there are two Alexieffs—the Admiral who rules as Viceroy, and the general, his cousin, in command at Harbin—so there are two Stackelbergs—one the Vice-Admiral who is Skrydloff's right-hand at Vladivostok, the other the general and baron defeated at Wa-fang-tien.

Stackelberg is three-quarters Teuton and one quarter Slav. The racial predominance of the German explains what the more dashing Russian officers condemn as his defect—excessive caution. Perhaps it was the desire to confound his critics which led the commander at Wa-fang-tien to make his disastrous stand.

Blue-eyed, bearded, with prominent ears, and a scantily-covered head, a student rather than a fighter, Stackelberg is more like a Lutheran pastor than a Russian general.

Foreign stamp collecting is his hobby, temperance his chief moral interest. He has made a fierce stand against the practice of colonels of regiments standing treat to their men on the birthdays of the Imperial family. When a captain he fell into not inglorious disgrace by thrashing a publican who was caught supplying spirits to men of his company who were already intoxicated.

Stackelberg was intensely interested in our South African struggle, and once read a lesson to his officers upon the folly of underestimating an enemy.

He has now fallen a victim to the very blunder which he then condemned.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Is the Origin of the Names "Strawberry" and "Gooseberry"?

Strawberries were so called because they grew strewn, or strawed, about the ground. Many people suppose that the origin of their name lies in the fact that straw is often put down to protect the plants from touching the earth, but this is not so.

Gooseberries were originally called "gorse-berries" because they grow on a prickly shrub. Gorse was a term that used to be applied to all such bushes.

The usual summer season of railway racing has now begun. I hear that the South-Eastern and Chatham are about to run a train which will do the journey between London and Margate in one day. It is a pity they have no competition to meet, or the time might be even more marvellously reduced.

HOW RUSSIA VENTS HER HATRED OF ENGLAND AND JAPAN IN CARTOONS.



THE BLOODTHIRSTY JOHN BULL.

John Bull in Tibet: "I am surrounded by innumerable hordes of Tibetans. Please send reinforcements at once."



CIVILISATION MEANS MILITARISM.

Japan to China: "Now, can you deny that civilisation raises a man in the world?" The rifles are labelled "Militarism."



JOHN BULL'S NIGHTMARE.

On the flags carried by John Bull's colour "India for the Indians" and "Africa for the Africans."



A JAPANESE ATTACK ON "PORTE MONNAIE."

Russia insists on believing that but for the military assistance of Great Britain and the financial assistance of the United States Japan would not have dared to go to war.



HOW THE RUSSIANS ARE DECEIVED.

Little Jap (appealing, in tears, to America and China): "I can't see how to tackle him. Can you give me any advice how to do it?"



VISCOUNT
the Japanese Minister
person responsible
assistance



TRUSTING TO
Japan on the tight-
Mr. Bull, I'm

THE CORNISH CRIME—WHERE THE BODY OF JESSIE RICKARD WAS FOUND.



Jessie Rickard, the pretty Cornish girl murdered at Castle-an-Dinas, photographed with her father, a farmer, and her sister. At the inquest, which concluded yesterday, a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Charles Borryman.



Where the body of Jessie Rickard was found, in a little dell studded with flowers. Castle-an-Dinas is an old encampment romantically situated on the top of a hill. The nearest house is half a mile away, and in some directions there is no habitation for miles.

SIEVIER ARRESTED YESTERDAY.



Mr. Bob Sievier was arrested yesterday on a charge of perjury, arising out of his bankruptcy proceedings in 1902, and charged at Bow-street. He was remanded on a bail of £6,000.

KUBELIK THE FATHER OF TWINS YESTERDAY.



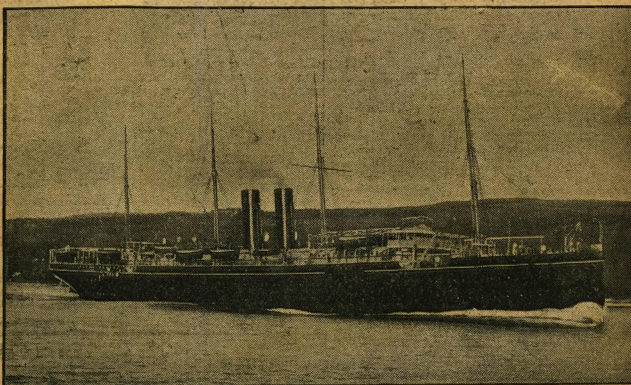
Kubelik, the great violinist, and his wife, Countess Czaky. She yesterday gave birth to twins.

THE KING ARRIVES IN HIS MOTOR.



The arrival of the King at Wellington College in his motor-car, after two break-downs. In company with the Queen, he attended the prize-giving and bestowed the King's Medal on the head boy.

THE WRECKED P. & O. LINER.



The P. and O. liner Australia has struck on a reef at Point Nepean, while entering the Heads at Melbourne. Her bottom was stove in, but the passengers, crew, and mails were safely landed. (Photograph by W. Hughes and Son.)

TOILETTES TO BE WORN BY STALL-HOLDERS AT TO-DAY'S NOAH'S ARK BAZAAR.

THE SUPREMACY OF DRESS.

BEAUTIFUL GOWNS FOR TO-DAY'S FETE.

To-day's great Noah's Ark Bazaar at the Albert Hall will prove once more, if proof be needed, how great a difference a becoming toilette makes for the success of any undertaking. Amongst the multitude of charity affairs with which the season is crowded, this one should shine pre-eminent as a sartorial display.

Black Valenciennes lace is the material that will provide an uncommonly handsome dress for to-day's occasion, and there will be several of white broderie anglaise, which strictly speaking is a last season's fabric, deftly trimmed with Valenciennes in inlet medallions. These and all other thin materials, like batiste de soie, are posed this summer over white or coloured chiffon to make it look full and soft.

A Lovely Delft Blue.

I noticed a charming frock in delft blue batiste de soie made for to-day with rings of black woven into it trimmed with insertions of Limerick embroidery, and there was another exquisite gown, a mass of Cluny lace and pale straw batiste embroidered all over, which showed beneath the lace embroidery a background of coffee-coloured batiste de soie. Truly do we live in an extravagant age when fabrics so rich and so expensive as mousseline de soie and chiffon can be used merely as a background, and can be worn in the crowded mart of a bazaar.

The taffetas now being used becomes softer and softer in appearance, and it is therefore necessary to differentiate between the various makes, calling the crisp, shining taffetas by its proper name taffetas glacé, and the soft, clinging crêpe-like variation taffetas messaline; yet another member of the same family is taffetas frisson. Names seem to be invented every day by the manufacturers or the dressmakers to suit the exquisite materials with which they tempt us.

The milliners are actually calling some of their headgear models bonnets, though the appearance of these bonnets does not justify the name, which for some reason or other not very well defined has allocated to itself an old-fashioned and dowdy sound. The bonnet of the moment has a tall crown and a wide circular brim, and is quaintly trimmed with flowers and ribbon. One made for a stall-holder is a conv. of an Empire model in marron chip bound with sepia-coloured velvet and

trimmed beneath the brim with bunches of pink and sepia roses. On the crown there is a bow of moiré ribbon to match the roses in colour (and be it noted moiré is now the smartest ribbon) and this is brought beneath the chin and there tied in a bow.

In spite of all the vagaries of fashion, a black or a white hat varying in shape and material according to the occasion is always correct and artistic. Such hats can always be brightened by the addition of a handsome plume in one of the prevailing colours, and if the feather is of sufficient richness and length it is the only necessary trimming. Some such feathers, two yards long, are used as hat draperies, and very handsome and effective they are.

Tricorné turbans have a success all their own this season, and an effective dressy design is carried out in several shades of lavender, mauve, and violet chenille, with a trimming of velvet foliage.

Amongst other revivals of past modes comes the polonaise. Indeed, it is already pretty well revived, for one sees many a gown trimmed so that one cannot tell whether there is a tunic or not,

SMART BELTS.

RIBBON SASHES FOR SMALL WAISTS.

"If I were asked to make a thoroughly fashionable girdle," said a modiste, "one that could be worn with any gown, I should choose black chiffon."

Or I might make the whole over a strip of elastic, to give it foundation and shape.

"In the middle of the back I should set a big rosette of chiffon velvet or taffetas, double and made like a cartwheel. I should make it as big round as a saucer."

"In the middle of this rosette I should place a handsome ornament of a round shape. A very pretty ornament may be made for a velvet rosette by taking a curtain ring of conventional size. This should be worked with golden brown or some other coloured silk until it is entirely covered, and then sewn in the middle of the rosette. Or, if the gown would permit the scheme, that is, if it were long in the skirt, I might make a taffetas belt, and to the middle of the back I might fasten two hanging silk ends, each one finished with a silk scarf with deeply-fringed ends. This has something of the position effect without the stiffness of the position.

There is a pretty belt that can be made daily. It requires three yards of satin ribbon three inches wide. The ribbon is fastened in the middle of the front and then is carried round the waist again and again. The girdle can be made as high as one wishes. It is fastened with a fancy pin.

A turquoise satin ribbon, three yards long and three inches wide, could be utilised as a sash of this kind very effectively.



A very charming gown, made of biscuit-coloured voile, is shown on the left, elegantly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and brightened by a cincture of green ribbon. On the right a smart dark blue canvas toilette figures, trimmed with taffetas flounces and blue insertion.

whether there is a semi-skirt or only one skirt, or whether there is a polonaise or merely a simulated overdress. When such is the case it is sure that the overdress and the polonaise are not far off. It was at its zenith when croquet was first played in

fon velvet or taffetas. This suits more gowns than any colour.

"I should take this and lay it in folds, and I should model it so that it would come down pretty low in the centre of the front. To insure its keeping its shape it should yet a touch of



Marriage Troubles Avoided

By using the "Dali" Box Iron. Heat and work of the ironing day make life and home irritable. No heat of ironing room, because the "Dali" is self-heating. No clothes of iron; therefore double the work in half the time. Hot in a few minutes and retains the heat.

Price of the "Dali" is £6. Price of the "Dali" Fuel is 12d per box of 120 sticks. Take half all ironmongers or household stores. If any difficulty apply to THE DALLI SHAKERSLEY FUEL CO., 27, Milton St., London, E.C.

Beware of worthless imitations.

MAUDE TAYLOR'S GREAT SUMMER SALE, Commencing TO-DAY.

When the Entire Stock will be offered at ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS.

BLOUSES.		SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
885 French Models in Crêpe de Chine, All Colours	29/11	49/6	
80 Ditto	25/6	30/6	
297 Silk Models (Washing Silks)	25/6	30/11	
85 Ditto	29/11	30/0	
85 Ditto	12/11	21/6	
80 Ditto	8/11	14/11	
80 Ditto	4/11	8/11	
80 Batiste Blouses, Trimmed Lace	3/11	6/11	
80 Ditto	5/11	8/11-10/11	
200 White Pique Shirts	1/11	5/11	
380 Canvas Shirts	3/11	8/11	
80 Batiste Blouses, All Colours	6/11	10/11-12/11	
Muslin Blouses, 8/11, 10/11, 21/6, 29/11—Half Price.			

Linen Costumes made to measure during the Sale 39/11.

WHITE FOR SALE CATALOGUE.

GLOVES.		SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
300 Paris Suede Gloves, Black & coloured	1/11	2/11	
280 Ditto	2/11	3/11	
200 White Kid Gloves	1/11	2/11	
400 Coloured ditto	1/11	2/11	
100 Black ditto	1/11	2/11	

CHEMISES AND KNICKERS AT HALF-PRICE.		SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
10 Hand-made Nightdresses, trimmed Embroidery	2/11	4/11	
29 Square-neck Nightdresses, trimmed Val. Lace	6/11	12/11	
36 Ditto	10/11	16/11	
280 Camisoles, beautifully trimmed	1/11	2/11	
80 Ditto	2/11	3/11	
48 Ditto	3/11	5/11	
46 Ditto	5/11	8/11	
20 Ditto	8/11	12/11-14/11	

MAUDE TAYLOR, 163b SLOANE ST., LONDON, W.

LASSOL MOth AND VERMIN DESTROYER (KROG).

Absolutely exterminates Moths and other Insects in a few hours. Lassol is a new process, is not a powder, guaranteed free from poison and is the best disinfectant. From all chemists, ironmongers, and stores, or send Postal Order to Lassol Mfg. Co., 12, Bridge Street, London, E.C. Price 6d. per box. 2/4 retail, 6d. per box.

BOOM IN BAGPIPES.

Hard To Find Quiet Places for Practice.

"I would that it were impossible, sir," was Dr. Johnson's rejoinder to Boswell's remark that the bagpipes was a difficult instrument to play.

The remark is no longer typical of English opinion upon this much-maligned instrument, as was proved by the reception given to the pipers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, who are now playing for the L.C.C. in London parks.

Instructors in the accomplishment of piping are greatly in request just now, and number among their pupils many who can boast no Highland blood.

An enthusiastic novice, who has never been north of the Tweed, yesterday informed a *Mirror* representative that the instrument is an easy and pleasant one to learn. Incidentally he corrected some erroneous impressions current upon the subject.

"It is not a question of lungs at all," he declared indignantly; "the music is all produced with the fingers upon the 'chanter,' the longest of the instrument tubes. The other tubes are the drones, the make the humming noise."

"I should never play any other instrument myself, if it were not for the difficulty in finding a nice, quiet corner to practise. People seem to have the most insane prejudices."

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XVIII. (continued.)

"They have quite forgotten us," Amy Blandford was the speaker. She stood shivering in the deserted schoolroom eying the small class-room where Beatrix still lingered with John Heron. He had made some pretext to take the girl there as soon as the meeting was over and he could escape from his committee, but it was obvious enough what had happened. The two lovers had come together again; Beatrix Chevenix had made her final choice.

Colonel Grimwood glanced at Amy, and smiled. He had stayed on, talking with her, pleased enough with fate for having given him the opportunity. When he had accepted John Heron's invitation to be present at the coming, he had not expected to meet Mrs. Blandford, and now he was left alone with her.

"Of course, Miss Chevenix has forgotten us, and so has John Heron," he answered. "They have forgotten the whole world, they are wandering in the dream country, and have passed through the Ivory Gate." He spoke in lazy, caressing tones, all the time staring hard at Amy, who was gazing with drooping eyes into the dull gas fire, turning to its warmth with a little shiver. She looked very pretty, for her large hat suited her, and he liked the way in which she had arranged the curls that waved charmingly over her low brow, and he also admired the heavy coil of hair dressed low on the nape of her neck.

"It must be nearly eleven o'clock," she consulted a tiny watch as she spoke, set in a chain bracelet and surrounded with a glittering circle of brilliants, and she held out her wrist to his gaze. "See, it is nearly a quarter past."

"Won't you leave them in peace, and let me see you home? I have a hansom waiting for me outside." He spoke with some eagerness, watching the pretty, wavering face, admiring the delicate weakness and irresolution, the hated woman to be strong-minded and determined.

"Oh—no—I couldn't do that," she said, looking at him helplessly; "but I might get a hansom and go home by myself, perhaps. I don't want to hurry Miss Chevenix away, for I expect she and Mr. Heron will go on talking for the next half-hour; I have foreseen this all the time. I also had my suspicions," he answered, smiling. "Well, they are both very happy, I expect—very happy, indeed; but now, about your hansom. Won't you take the one waiting for me? I can easily get another."

"In these benighted regions? Besides, there is Miss Chevenix; she will expect to find me here, for she was to drop me at Chelsea"; Mrs. Blandford spoke with some hesitation.

"Leave a message with that sleepy old man, saying you have gone home. Miss Chevenix won't be sorry, under the circumstances, and Heron will see her to her dressing-room, and then retire to his room. Come, now," he smiled in his lazy, caressing manner, and she yielded, but with some reluctance.

"Well, if you really don't mind. It is getting late," she walked over to the tired looking custodian of the schools, and gave him a brief message for Beatrix, and then drew her stole high up over her shoulders and shook out her skirts. "I'm ready, quite," she said, turning to Julian Grimwood. They walked to the door together, each acutely conscious of the other's presence.

The crowd outside raised a faint cheer, but these two were not the couple they were waiting for. The Chevenix carriage was still in waiting, also the hansom Colonel Grimwood had ordered. Amy looked around, but could see no other vehicle, and she noticed that a faint, drizzling rain was falling and that the sky threatened a wet night. They were far from station or tram, and she glanced at the man by her side irresolutely.

ENGLISH SUN WORSHIPPERS.

Two-Thousand-Year-Old Pilgrimage to the Druids' Mecca.

For nearly 2,000 years the custom of watching for the rising of the sun on the longest day has been observed at Stonehenge, and last night there was the usual pilgrimage to the historic circle of giant monoliths on Salisbury Plain.

It is only on a cloudless morning that it is possible to see the first flash of light glance on the huge stone known as the Friar's Heel, which is 200 yards from the circle, and from thence to the altar stone within the circle.

Last year was the first occasion for a very long time that such conditions prevailed. At daybreak not a cloud was to be seen, and at 3.44 the rim of the sun appeared over the distant hills in a line with the Friar's Heel, afterwards shining on the altar stone as it ascended.

The experience of 1903 was quite exceptional, for year after year visitors to the stone have been disappointed at the psychological moment, a small cloud obscuring the great red ball until it was well up in the heavens.

Of late years the excursion to Stonehenge to witness the dawn on the longest day has found much popularity, and it is quite usual, if the weather is fine, for a crowd whose numbers run into thousands to be gathered round the stone, having come by motor, bicycle, by horse, and on foot, from north, east, south, and west.

"It seems too bad to take your cab—and on a wet evening."

He smiled under his grey moustache, perfectly conscious of her train of thought.

"I am delighted that the hansom will prove of service to you," he said softly, helping her in as he spoke, and taking care that her skirts did not crush the wheel, and then he closed the doors of the cab.

She glanced at him furtively and nervously, and then spoke quickly.

"Jump in, Colonel Grimwood; you will be able to pick up another cab when we enter more civilised regions. I shouldn't like to think you were getting wet."

He needed no second invitation, and before she could say another word he was seated by her side. The cabman flicked his whip, and the horse started off at a brisk trot. A little rain came drifting in, and Amy raised her hand to wipe the moisture off her face. Grimwood noticed her action.

"We'll have the glass down," he said cheerfully; "the rain is now beginning to come down in earnest."

The slab of descending glass gave Amy Blandford the curious sensation of being shut out from the world. The lights of London flashed by, dim and hazy, and she felt strangely nervous and agitated. She was in the iron-grey man sitting so calmly by her side, and her one fear was lest he should guess this fact. And yet she took a wild physical joy in the situation, in the nearness of his presence, in the very creek of his boots against the door of the cab, and all this delighted her somehow.

She felt a hazy conviction of well-being, and half closed her eyes. It was warm and comfortable now the glass was down, and the cold night air was excluded, but the weight of her furs oppressed her. She loosened the stole at her throat and gave a little sight of relief.

"You are very tired, I'm afraid," he spoke to her with the caressing intonation, and she generally answered him at the pale, pretty face which flushed up under his gaze.

"Just a little"; she wished her voice would not tremble so, and hated herself for blushing.

"What made you go to this show to-night; you are not one of the political women, thank Heaven?"

"I went—well, because Miss Chevenix asked me to go with her, and I didn't like to say no." Amy Blandford stole a curious look at her companion. "It is wonderful, is it not," she went on slowly, "that a brilliant girl like Beatrix Chevenix, a girl with all the world at her feet, should have troubled herself to form a friendship with me, a mere social nobody, a woman taken up by society because she happens to play the piano well? No one knows anything about me, really, and I have been accepted at my own valuation," she ended her speech half defiantly.

Julian Grimwood sought and found her hand; she allowed him to withdraw it from his grasp, but he held it tight.

"Dear little lady," he said, softly, "where does the wonder come in? The strange thing would be if people didn't care for you; yes, that would be the mystery. I'm not surprised that Beatrix Chevenix is eager for your friendship, all the world might envy you that."

"Don't talk like that," she interrupted, with some bitterness, "that is how you used to talk, in the past."

"When we watched those wonderful star-powdered skies together," he said, in low tones, pressing her hand, and moving closer to her side. "Ah, Amy, do you remember those nights—shall I remember and you forget," he quoted the words half under his breath.

"Don't, don't," she muttered, pulling her hand away hastily; "I wish to forget everything."

"Amy, dear little woman, I treated you like a brute; but, on my soul, I thought you didn't care, and that you were only flirting as other women flirt. Let's make things up, give me your hand to hold in mine, my darling, and tell me that you forgive me. Amy, you are not going to send me out of your life; I tell you I've come back to stay."

NEW FORT CHABROL.

Newry Steeplejack Still Laughs at His Pursuers.

The siege of the chimney stack at the Newry salt works still continues, and the steeplejack defender is more than holding his own.

Yesterday morning, when the *Mirror* representative paid an early visit to the scene, Jamie Gill was in a grumbling mood, the gist of his complaint being that he had not been provided with a fresh breakfast!

As he explained, provisions kept in a sooty chimney for two or three days at a time are apt to become stale. Above everything else, Jamie is human, and he looked forward longingly to the cuff he hoped to bestow upon the ears of his errand provider, in the shape of Jamie's fourteen-year-old son Tommy.

The lad makes an excellent scout, but it is chiefly in his capacity of general prison merchant that Jamie most admires his growing heir.

Jamie is also a humorist, and he related with much satisfaction how in the early hours of Sunday morning he managed to pay a secret and fleeting visit to the bosom of his family. But his faithful scout got wind that the police were on the scent, and it took Jamie all his time to regain his "fortress." As it was he got back to his "fortress" by a short head, and the chuckle that greeted the ears of the breathless constables below, showed them that they had once more failed to capture their quarry.

She took no notice of his impassioned speech, but sat bolt upright, looking at the gaslit street and watching the streaming rain. A thousand emotions warred in her heart, emotions dominated by his presence, and she was conscious that, for all her brave front, she would be waxy in his hands at the end.

He watched her anxiously for a little while, and then, without saying anything, slipped his arm round her waist. His touch seemed to weaken her resolution, and, with a low sighing breath, she allowed herself to lean back against his shoulder. This contact caused a sense of rapture to pervade her whole being, and she yielded dreamily to the joy of the moment.

Neither the man nor the woman uttered a word as the cab flashed along, for they were wrapped in a drowsy content. Grimwood rested his face against the brim of her soft hat and drank in the perfume of her hair; he felt lazily happy, and to both of them the future stretched vague and indefinite; they had no desire to talk, it was better to be silent.

The cab drew up sharply outside the flat at Chelsea, and they roused themselves from their languor of content. Amy Blandford left Grimwood to settle with the cabman, and walked in. Her flat was on the entrance floor, and she dialled a little bell to summon her butler, who came in a moment.

All at once the sound of footsteps passing through the little hall made her flush. She opened the door in a hurry; but, as she stepped in, Julian Grimwood followed her.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Looped-for Guest.

"Oh, it's too late; you must not come in," murmured Amy Blandford, but she flicked up the electric light as she spoke, and made no further protest as Colonel Grimwood closed the door behind him.

He glanced round the little hall, admiring the prettiness of its green and white decorations, the huge stand of flowering plants, the soft-toned carpeting. Mrs. Blandford gazed at him a little nervously, and led the way into the dining-room.

"Hannah, my housekeeper, will be sitting up for me," she said, in low, frightened tones. "You must only stay just one moment."

"Only one moment," he replied slowly, then he smiled.

"Won't you help yourself to a whisky and soda?" asked Mrs. Blandford, after a second's pause, and have a sandwich." She pointed, as she spoke, to a daintily-arranged little supper tray and began to eat some grapes, breaking a biscuit in half, and pouring herself out a glass of water, which she sipped daintily, keeping her eyes fixed on Julian Grimwood.

He helped himself to some whisky, and swallowed it hastily, then he turned to her with outstretched hand. "You are quite right, Amy; it is late, and I must go, but you will see me when I come to-morrow. It will be all right to-morrow, Amy, won't it?"

She caught her breath a little and sat down in one of the big, oak elbow chairs, her face looking very pale against the dark wood.

"Why do you want so much to come? It would be wiser to stay away."

"Would it? I doubt it." He crossed the room and stood directly in front of her chair, gazing down at her. "I lost you, Amy, years ago," he said quietly, "and I have always been conscious of the foolish part I played. Some men have a sudden change of heart, and I confess that I had then; but I love you madly now—now you will be my wife?" He asked the question a little consciously, bending forward to look at her troubled face.

NEWS IN MID-OCEAN.

Campania Receives Warnings by Marconigram.

Seen yesterday by a *Mirror* representative, Mr. Marconi, who had just arrived from New York, said:—

"I went over to the other side on the Campanian, on board of which was printed for the first time a mid-ocean newspaper, which contained the latest news sent by wireless telegraphy from both England and America."

"Going out we received about twenty messages a day, and for three days were in communication with both sides of the Atlantic."

"Some of the information was really important. For instance, on June 7 we published this message, which warned us of danger:—

Cape Breton,

Tuesday, June 7, 2 a.m.

The Compagnie Generale Transatlantique La London reports icebergs in lat. 45 to 42.30, long. 48.27 to 55.54."

Mr. Marconi also informed the *Mirror* representative that, besides the other Cunard boats, the Italian Navigation Company will install long-distance wireless telegraphy, and also the Union-Castle Line to South Africa.

"You know nothing whatever about me," she answered in low tones, playing with her rings and twisting them up and down her fingers; "you are rather rash, Colonel Grimwood; suppose I took you at your word?"

"Amy," he knelt down by her side, and put his arms round her, the sleeve of his coat brushing against her wrist and thrilling her, for she loved the clasp of his strong arms and the fierce way he held her to him, "you are going to marry me, and I don't care a rap who or what you are—I love you, and that's enough."

She leaned forward and laid her arms lightly round his neck, abandoning herself to the joy of the moment; then, all at once, her mood changed, and she tore herself from the man's embrace.

"Please leave me," she cried hoarsely, "I should have told you before that I never intend to marry; I have no wish to marry; I prefer my freedom." She laughed half hysterically, and wiped her eyes with a dainty laced-edge handkerchief, laughing and sobbing in the same breath.

Julian Grimwood rose slowly to his feet; no Englishman likes to be made a fool of, and he was uncertain of Amy Blandford's real mood. Her emotion seemed a little theatrical and overdone.

"Good-night," he said quietly. "I suppose I must accept your decision—for a time."

"For always," she replied, in trembling tones, "my mind is made up; I shall never marry."

He bent his head, thinking that compliance with her mood would be the wisest course to pursue, then he said, in a low, deep voice:

"You will let me be your friend; you will not deny me the privilege of your friendship?"

"Oh, no," she replied, eagerly, "let us always be friends, come and see me whenever you like, for I shall always be glad to see you; and now, goodbye, my friend." She looked at him with moist, appealing eyes, holding out her hands, and he could see that she was feverishly anxious for him to leave his departure, and he could also perceive how much she cared for him.

"I shall call to-morrow," he answered; "say that you will be at home."

"Yes," she whispered, "I will be in." Their eyes met as they shook hands, and Julian Grimwood, yielding to an emotion he could not control, bent down and kissed her lips.

To his surprise the kiss was returned.

A moment later the hall door had closed on him, and the whole episode seemed like some vague dream. The rain, drifting against his face, roused him to a sense of the present, and he hailed a passing hansom and jumped in, then lit a cigarette in a leisurely way.

"She loves me," he muttered to himself, "and she won't marry me, and yet she returned that kiss," he laughed, and then shrugged his shoulders impatiently; "I should hate to think her a rank coquette," he said, half aloud. "Well, well, time will prove and straighten out the position for us." He glanced at his watch, "Not too late for devilled bones at the club; if I went to bed now I shouldn't sleep, for hang it all, a woman can upset one."

Whilst Julian Grimwood bowed westward in his cab, Mrs. Blandford remained standing where he had left her in the dining-room, her lips still tingling from his kiss.

She looked absolutely lifted out of herself, a woman transported by emotion, and her eyes glittered feverishly, and her breast heaved under the loose lace bosom. All at once she shivered, then a triumphant smile crossed her lips, and she swayed forwards and looked at a portrait of herself that hung on the wall—a clear, smiling, wistful, childish little face.

"It has come true," she cried, addressing the picture, "all I longed for when you were painted. You white, smiling creature, I have found what I wanted—love." She flung her arms up high over her head in a rapture of happiness. "O, the clever man, the man who put you on the canvas," she still spoke to the portrait, "knew my day would come for me, and he painted that smile to greet it—and the day has come!"

(To be continued to-morrow.)

ROUND THE WORLD ON 2d.

Lad of Seventeen Meets Exciting Adventures on a Tramp to St. Louis.

Mauritius Hechter, a young Roumanian, is the latest addition to the growing list of world-walkers. He arrived in London yesterday evening, having left Bucharest fourteen months ago with 2d. in pocket, and is bound to get to St. Louis, in America, within eighteen months from the day he started, in order to win a purse of 40,000 francs (£400).

This prize was offered by the Roumanian Tourist Club to any Roumanian who would walk to the World's Fair at St. Louis in eighteen months, and earn money on the journey for his sustenance.

During the long walk across Europe Mauritius Hechter has met with many adventures, and has been attacked by robbers and wild animals, and nearly lost his life in fording dangerous mountain torrents.

In appearance he is a dark, pleasant-featured lad, just seventeen years of age, thin and wiry from his continuous pedestrian exercise. The young globe-trotter will remain in London till Saturday, when he will embark upon the American liner St. Paul for New York.

Young Hechter has received several medals

during his trip from Germany, Belgium, and Austria which he wears upon his breast.

Stuck in his picturesque, crimson sash he carries a revolver and a handsome, broad-bladed dagger, which is equally serviceable for stabbing a truculent wild-beast or cutting a piece of Bologna sausage.

After crossing the Danube at Tirtucan on a raft, Hechter was received by the Bulgarian fishermen

faintly remembers the robbers stamping on his face with their iron-heeled boots, and then he became unconscious.

On recovering his senses he found himself in a hospital at Sofia.

Many times during his lonely tramp Hechter has been without food or drink for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and, again, he has met with the poorest peasants, who have taken him in and shared their all with the young stranger whom they could not understand.

Wolves, bears, and wild boars have been encountered on the journey through the mountain

post-cards which bear his portrait and a brief story of his travels as far as London.

In Belgium the Roumanian Minister gave him four francs (3s. 4d.), which Hechter carried with him to London.

He had a free passage given him on Saturday night from Ostend to Dover.

At 4 a.m. on Sunday morning the alien walker left the Kentish seaport for London, and walked all day until 10 p.m. He rested for six hours at a railway station, and at 4 o'clock resumed his march to London, where he arrived at 10 a.m. yesterday morning.

His average pace is four miles an hour, and, judging by appearances, Hechter could keep it up for a considerable period.

In addition to an overcoat of grey cloth to keep out the night dews and hide his medals Hechter carries a knapsack strapped to his shoulders. His boots are square-toed, with long flaps, and look very comfortable gear for continuous footwork.

LETTER TO THE KING.

In reading an old Greek newspaper, the Roumanian discovered that King Edward's face resembled the map of Australia, so he promptly drew a map of that enterprising country and sent it to his Majesty with a letter depicting the benefit to science of drawing faces from maps.

In due course Hechter received a reply from Buckingham Palace regretting that his Majesty had no use for the returned profile map.

Mauritius Hechter is a well-educated lad, and his father is a prominent brush manufacturer at Bucharest. The lad's love of adventure has been imbibed from books of travel by various authors. During the last ten years numerous adventures have attempted to walk round the world at the expense of a confiding public. Most of them came from America, and have pushed wheelbarrows, or are said to have done other deeds to inspire sympathy.

At Cairo in 1896 an American, who was walking round the world in a brown-paper suit, alighted at the terrace of Sheppard's Hotel and immediately started selling his photos for 4s. each.

When persons did not desire his picture he borrowed the dollar just the same. One of the simple things he asked for was a passage to Bombay on a P. and O. liner.

THE SKIPPER SAID "NO."

The cold refusal of the captain pained the American pedestrian beyond measure. Finally he had to choose between joining the chorus of an Italian comic opera company and the circulation staff of an Egyptian newspaper.

Dodging both these fearful ordeals, his gifts were afterwards highly appreciated as a guide to the tombs of the ancient kings and other more or less notorious early people.

In order to fulfil the terms of the competition Hechter has to continue his walk from New York to St. Louis, and the *Mirror* will provide him with his ticket to convey him from this country across the Atlantic.

Application is also being made to the American Embassy in London to facilitate the boy's landing in America, as under the present immigration laws he is liable to be turned back if he is without means.

STRANDED DANCER'S FLIGHT.

Charged with assault and an offence under the Vagrancy Act, William McPherson, twenty-six, a man of colour, described as a music-hall artist, was sentenced at Westminster to five months' hard labour.

Grace Wood, a dancer, who was called as to the assault, said she had known the prisoner for over two years. She made his acquaintance when with a travelling company at Croydon. Soon after that they were stranded at Lifford, and prisoner offered to look after her until she got employment. For a time she lived with him as his wife, but eventually she left him.



Mauritius Hechter, the Roumanian boy who is walking from Bucharest to St. Louis to visit the World's Fair.



A document wishing him a "Lucky Journey," presented to him at Dresden on his departure.

with a volley of stones, and had to take refuge in the office of the German Steamship Company.

At Sofia some Bulgarian officers made a collection for him, and Hechter went on his way rejoicing. Unfortunately, a soldier and a wandering maestro on the violin saw the money handed over, and they laid wait for the youth from Roumania.

As he was passing through a lonely forest that night Hechter suddenly received a fearful blow on the side of the head and fell to the ground. He

passes and dark forests of Central Europe; but Hechter is young and full of hope that he will reach St. Louis and gain his reward of £400.

If he does, it will have been well earned.

The records of his travel through the various towns are all recorded in a book carried by Hechter, which also contains the signatures and good wishes of innumerable mayors, councillors, editors, and other influential persons.

In order to gain a living en route Hechter sells

ADVERTISING THE "DAILY MIRROR."



Every time a "Daily Mirror" Fountain Pen is sold at the absurd price of 2s. 6d., when everybody knows it is worth three times that amount, a certain sum is charged to "Advertising." If it were not for this one fact you would still be unable to get such a pen for less than 7s. 6d., and you would be quite satisfied to pay even half-a-guinea for it, but the "Daily Mirror"—like everything else—must be advertised. You are reaping the benefits of this advertising—that is, if you are securing one of these before-unheard-of bargains. Send sixpence additional and you will receive also a pocket pen case. The Nibs are Fine, Medium, and Broad. Which do you prefer?

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E. J. Sampson, J. M. Flavella, A. K. Crenin, C. E. Fin-
lason, E. S. Willis, S. H. Smith, G. M. Simond, G. C.
Ball Greene.

Second round: A. W. McGregor beat E. W. Timmis
(4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3).

